



Indian Institute of Science Education and Research Tirupati  
भारतीय विज्ञान शिक्षा एवं अनुसंधान संस्थान तिरुपति

# DHWANI 2k18



# Editor's Note



'Dhwani' is a word meaning sound, echo or voice. Delving a little deeper into the language and its traditions, we find that 'Dhwani' is also the name for a poetic style that lays emphasis on the underlying meaning, rather than on the literal translation or expression. Aptly named, this magazine carries within it representations of the students' voices - poetry, prose, drawings, photographs, reports - with notes left by people, places and events that resonate deeply with us.

The magazine, to us, is an expression of art.  
And what is art?

It is the ability to live vicariously through another's medium of expression.

It is having the ability to create the medium - another pair of shoes to walk a mile, another set of tinted shades to view the world, another note in the background score to set the mood, another groan-worthy pun to bring dialogue to life.

It is the ability to think not just outside the proverbial box, but also to think about it.

It is the ability to make, break, build, erase and curve the lines while connecting the dots.

It is the ability to see that putting two and two together can give you four, but it can also give you twenty-two.

And it was a great pleasure for the Editorial Team to capture the art in our students and create this gorgeous assemblage of shoes, shades, fours and twenty-twos.

We thank the Director, the Dean, the members of the faculty, the administrative staff, and the student body for their unending support, without which this magazine could not have made its way out of our heads and into your hands.

And on that note, we present to you the reverberation of all of our voices, our magazine - Dhwani, 2018.

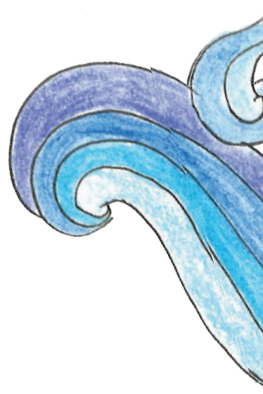
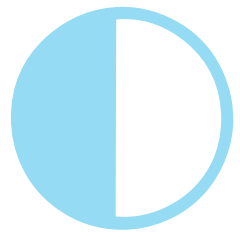
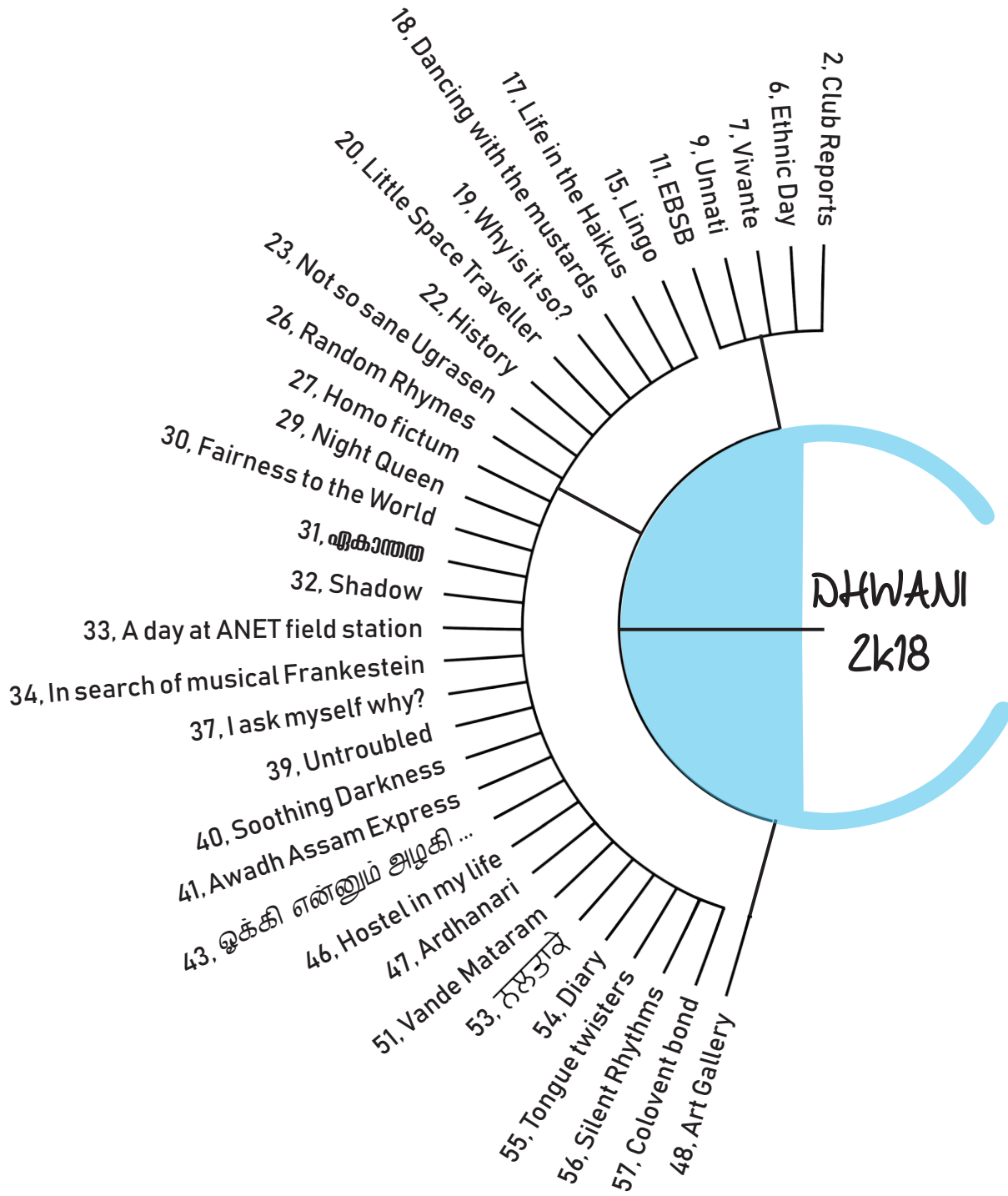
# Director's Note



I am delighted to pen down this message for “Dhwani” – the sound of the students’ talent and cultural manifestation. The timbre and melody of expressed sound continues to be enhanced year by year, beyond the varieties of language, format and intellect. It is very stimulating to see the flairs of students outside the classroom and the playground. Thoughts can be expressed in various forms to convey their significances in different connotations. “Dhwani” of IISER Tirupati embodies both thought and form, and I am glad to see the imaginations of students flowing freely, unabated. I am sure this edition of “Dhwani” will receive new acclaims from the readers and will lay grounds for triggering a newer dimension for future ones.

Long live the harmony of “Dhwani” 2018.

-KN Ganesh



# ntents



Art by : Spoorthy Gowda



# Soul Blossomed

- Gowthaman S | Sony Xperia XA1



The Physics club at IISER Tirupati is a student-run club that organises discussions on myriad topics in physics. Anyone can volunteer to head the discussion with a topic of their choice. We meet twice a week and have thought-provoking, informal discussions through which we learn more about the world!

-Vikas Jadhav Y

A campus must not always be about studies and academics. There must also be room for fun, celebrations and entertainment. The Arts club is up & running to co-ordinate and execute activities in this area. The club tries to organize events which are sure to create a jovial atmosphere for the students and to reduce academic stress. Be it Ethnic day, Holi or Diwali - the Arts club will always be there to bring out the best.

-Pranav Unnikrishnan

Through debates, just-a-minute sessions and fun games alongside a plethora of reading and writing activities, The Lit Club provides a platform for students to share and develop their literary interests. We also provide a student-run library (The Stud Library) on campus. You can find the work of our members at : [www.itsalmost12.wordpress.com](http://www.itsalmost12.wordpress.com)

- Nandita V. Nair

The aim of the Math club is to enhance the knowledge of its members with regard to various topics in mathematics. Each of the math club members takes a topic or a paper and reads up on it. A meeting is held thrice a week. In each meeting, one of the members presents whatever they have read so far. Also, on Science Day, the club puts up an exhibition which has a lot of math games and puzzles, and explains the logic behind them.

-VC. Thamarai Valli

Bio-Wissen is a platform for bio enthusiasts to participate in active discussions and presentations on different topics in biology-related areas. Here we encourage students to come up with their own ideas and concepts and thus help them to explore and strengthen their interests. We aim to work to find students interests, guide and channelize them to shape their research career in those fields of biology. We consider it as a chance for students to build up their presentation skills as well as communicate effectively. This way we expect to promote lively scientific interactions among students as a practice.

-Jalaja Madhusudhanan

The Astronomy Club started in 2016. We regularly have sky watching sessions with our 6 inch telescope on almost every clear night. Interesting astronomical events like the Lunar eclipse, Supermoon and Meteor Showers were also observed. In continuation of the telescope making workshop held last year, a six inch telescope is being constructed with students undertaking the grinding of the telescope mirror. Some of our club members have attended camps and given talks on astronomy. On Science Day, short talks were organised for a general audience on the topic 'Reading the Sky'.

-Abiya R. & NS Chiranjeevi

The Movie Club at IISER-T has been functioning since the first semester. Every weekend, the Movie Club holds a movie screening, with special screenings for days like Independence Day, Republic Day, Halloween etc. The movies are decided by the student coordinators after discussing with the students and checking movie availability. The movie genres vary from week to week, and regional as well as international movies have been screened. Future plans being discussed are inviting filmmakers to interact with students, and inviting speakers related to the movie of the week.

-Kaushal J. Pillay

The main role of this club is to educate and provide knowledge about many topics in an exciting way by conducting weekly quizzes. Some of the topics, for example, were about World Wars, technological innovations and history behind them. We've also had topics not related to science such as quizzes on some excellent literary works, history of the 20th century etc. So, overall we try to make the students at IISER Tirupati, for a moment, forget all the things that they are worried about and just have a wonderful time and also learn something new.

-Nihar S

Unnati, the outreach arm of IISER conducts tutoring sessions in Mathematics, Science and English every Sunday for underprivileged students living nearby, making them self-sufficient and proficient, and thereby uplifting them. We've organized quizzes, essay competitions and interactive demonstrations every year on Science Day and will continue to do so. The students go home with a big smile and lots of "green" goodies like seed balls and saplings. We plan to visit the local colleges and spread awareness about the importance of science and research. This will also motivate them to take science and research as a career opportunity.

-Aditya Kulkarni

Life at IISER Tirupati is not just about academics and the IISER Tirupati Sports Club makes sure of that. The club is responsible for maintaining the sports facilities and conducts various sports tournaments and events that are filled with intense competition and spirit. A Sports Week is held every semester which gives a platform for the students to showcase their sporting skills. We also conduct friendly matches with premier institutes like IIT Tirupati. The club is also responsible for the selection of teams that participate in the annual Inter-IISER Sports Meet (ISM) held in the month of December by one of the IISERs. The club would like to thank the students for their great response and participation and hopes to keep the enthusiasm high.

-Anubhav Dhar & Adithya R

## Birding Club

The Birding Club of IISER Tirupati has been actively documenting wildlife around Tirupati for past one year . We have organised short trips on many weekends to various locations in and around Tirupati. We organized trips to locations like the Pulicat Lake to observe Migratory Wetland birds such as Flamingos and Pelicans. The amazing performance of our birders at the Campus Bird Count of 2018 where we were placed at the fifth most diverse campus in India in terms of the number of species is a testament to the overwhelming enthusiasm showed by the students and faculty here. The club will continue to organize more exciting trips and events in the future and is thankful for the amazing response and participation from the IISER Tirupati community.

-PS Vishnuprasad

## Classical Arts Club

Started in the monsoon semester of 2017, members of the club meet on Thursdays and discuss various aspects of classical arts. We have been involved in organising various classical performances throughout the semester, and have rendered small demonstrations involving the flute, tabla, harmonium, vocals and Bharatnatyam. Dr. Venkatasubramanian C G, our faculty co-ordinator, has given an exciting lecture on the intricacies of the Carnatic Melakarta System of Raagas during one of the club presentations. We intend to invite eminent artists to our institute and develop a harmonious and joyous atmosphere involving classical music at IISER Tirupati.

-Deevitha B. & Swapnil Joshi

## CFC

The Creative Filming Club (CFC) is actively involved in making creative short films on various issues including, but not limited to, social issues, student-related issues, and educational reforms. The members of the club have been grouped into different teams based on their interests - direction, script-writing, screenplay, acting, editing, etc. The club was started a few months back, and is on the right track in terms of attracting ignited minds to express their thoughts. The club also promotes teamwork.

-Shubham Sinha

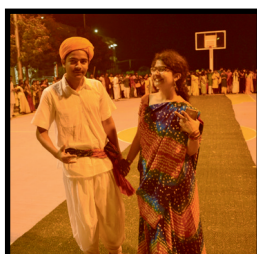
# ETHNIC DAY



*January 12th was not just another day in TISER Tirupati this year. Being in the land known for its cultural diversity and united by the word 'TISER', it is important that each one realize and respect the culture the others follow. Thus, faculty members and students joined hands to celebrate and showcase the culture of different regions of the country by celebrating Ethnic Day.*

*It started in the evening with Adithya R giving a summary of the trip to Bathinda as a part of Ek Bhariath Shrestha Bhariath Abhiyan. This was followed by a rhythmic and melodious performance by the Classical Arts Club and a solo dance performance by Naga Pramodh who also showcased Karva Samu, a martial art of Andhra Pradesh. Faculty members and students enjoyed the High tea together. Selfie booths were placed in front of the main entrance and students captured those beautiful moments in their best attire. The campus burst with enthusiasm and passion once the Ramp walk started on the basketball court. Ghaghharas, Lehengas, Sarees, Half-sarees, lungis, dhotis, turbans and what-not - boys and girls ruled the ramp in pairs and groups. The fact that the program was being telecasted via Doordarshan channel also added to the enthusiasm. The day came to an end with a bonfire and dance party after the ramp. Though the dresses and languages were different, the zeal and energy of the students in participating made the First Ethnic day of TISER-TPT a success.*

*-Aisha Shigna*





# Vivante 2k17

*Over the weekend of 7th-9th April 2017, IISER Tirupati witnessed the first edition of its cultural fest Vivante. And it was beautiful.*

*For days before the fest, the general atmosphere of the institute was buzzing with excitement. Rather silent nights at the hostel were replaced by a potpourri of music and dance rehearsals, and the end of each class acted as a countdown to the main show.*

*The fest started with a students' showcase, held on the 7th of April, and was inaugurated by Dr Vasudharani and a few students. The crowds gathered and cheered as the stage saw many energetic musical and dance performances by undergraduates, including a show by the institute's first rock band, Nameless. In addition, a mime performance by Ashish Joy and team about socially important topics received heavy applause, and there was not a single dry eye in the house post Shijisha and team's dramatic portrayal of female foeticide. The night ended with an impromptu DJ performance by DJ CJ.*



*The next day was when most of the competitive events were held. Starting with a painting competition, many events like a quiz by reputed quizmaster Urmila Lakshmanan, a solo singing competition, Mini-Militia competitions for the gamers, and JAM session for literary buffs happened on Saturday. One of the highlights of the day was The Hunger Games competition, sponsored by The Hangouts Cafe, in which participants were to eat 8 bananas in the preliminary round and the finalists had to eat a huge (read: huuuuge) burger to win an alluring prize. The crowds went crazy cheering for their friends, but also secretly wished to have some part of the jumbo burgers for themselves.*

*The Drama competition lit up the main stage in the evening with some great and hilarious performances. Later in the night, an awesome performance by the DJ duo Boon and Bayn set the temperatures soaring amongst students and faculty alike. The cool breeze and the huge crowd dancing to the beat, all inhibitions dropped, bore testimony to the magic that the DJ duo had forged.*

*The next morning, the fest continued with a science fiction writing competition, a craft event and ended with a workshop on computer-interfaced science experiments that was organised by faculty member Dr Dileep Mampallil. Students, tired from the DJ night and everything else that had happened over the previous days, spent the later part of the day resting.*

*Monday morning brought back the routine of the week, and students went back to their classes, still basking in the unforgettable events and memories that made that weekend incomparable to any other.*

*-Nandita V Nair*



# Unnati



Our outreach program, aptly named Unnati, formally began on Science Day in 2017. It was a humble beginning, wherein we invited schoolchildren from Government school, Karkambadi to visit us. The students of IISER explained scientific principles using innovative models and captivating chemical reactions. The schoolchildren wrote an extempore essay on what science meant for them. Since then, we have grown by leaps and bounds. The number of volunteers of Unnati has been increasing steadily over the past year. We planned on starting tutoring sessions for the students of nearby localities. In October we kick-started this activity by going to these localities and distributing pamphlets. We talked to the residents about Unnati and the activities associated with it. The volunteers explained our motive which is: helping the children to become independent, developing scientific temper, improving their communication skills, familiarizing them with technology and aiding in their overall development to become good and responsible citizens.

Currently, we teach English, Science and Mathematics in these tutoring sessions. We also conduct fun sessions once a month, which include, but are not limited to, screening of movies, puzzle and riddle solving, birding and playing different sports.



Four schools participated in the quiz competition that we had organized as a part of Science Day celebrations this year. The winning and runner-up teams received books as prizes while others received participation certificates. In addition to the quiz, around 100 students of classes nine and ten visited the institute and were given a tour of our laboratories. They were also taught a few basic principles of mathematics by playing fun math games. The highlight was a working model of an amphibious vehicle made by a student who attends our tutoring sessions.



At the end of the day, the visitors were given seed balls as goodies, hand-made by our volunteers, to encourage them to go green.

Given the current situation, our country needs more researchers and scientists. It is our duty to promote science and scientific thinking. To accomplish this, we are reaching out to the local colleges and schools where we are organizing lecture series (by faculty and students) and hands-on experimental sessions.

We hope that our efforts will bring some positive changes in the lives of these students. We will continue to carry out such activities and would like to thank the institute for its unconditional support.



# EBSB

December 2017



Hi all! Namaste.

I was fortunate to be included in the delegation to the Central University of Punjab, Bathinda for the “Ek Bharath Shresth Bharath” initiative and would like to share my experience gained in my short stay in Punjab. We received a very warm welcome on the 23rd of December, 2017 by the students of CUPB.

We visited the Gurudwar at Talwandi Sabo, Qila Mubarak, and a few other places early in the morning on the first day of our three day stay.

We later enjoyed the bonfire night, dancing to the unmatched Punjabi songs. We played a friendly cricket match against the hosts the next day.

We later had a cultural exchange programme in the evening which included mesmerizing dance performances with very appealing vocal and instrumental music, ethnic display, etc. to name a few.

We were blessed for having received the wonderful opportunity to visit the beautiful city of Amritsar and the places there such as



The Golden Temple and The Jallianwala Bagh. We also visited The Hussainiwala Border and the Wagah Border and witnessed the emotions and the patriotism showed towards their countries by the people on either sides.

This initiative by the Govt. of India is to bring together all the states of our country and create a sense of oneness and unity across linguistic, cultural, political, religious, economic and social backdrops. The most important quality I learnt from this visit was the “Athithi devo Bhava” attitude, self-less service and the sacrifices done by our people for the society. From my visits to gurudwaras there in Punjab, I learnt the most heavenly quality of “Satkar” extended wholeheartedly to a person irrespective of one’s economic, religious or social status. The rich cultural heritage and ethnicity of this state and the manner in which its people are inclined towards preserving it is really impressive.

I still relish those moments of eating delicious aloo paranthas, and greeting each other with ‘Sat Shri Akal’.

Overall, it was a wonderful experience from tasting the most delicious sweets to meeting the sweetest people I’ve ever come across.

Thank You.  
Adithya. S





“The calm after the storm

- Kaushal J. Pillay | Microsoft Lumia 640XL

# LINGO

i.

I speak Bengali,  
a language native to the land I grew up in,  
(learnt from the people I grew up with-  
আপনি কেমন আছেন?  
and I have grown and flown and flowed with it-  
with the currents of its syllables,  
soft, rounded, like my paintbrushes,  
and the points and arcs of it's  
alphabet, pure, elegant geometry;  
and the mellowed voice it speaks in-  
scratchy and soft and warm,  
like my best memories of my grandma.

আ

ii.

I speak English,  
a tongue foreign to my land,  
(learnt from teachers and strangers in books-  
**excuse me, ma'am**)  
and I read and write and learn in it,  
for it is this very foreignness  
that draws me to it- the sounds  
slipping, smooth; the letters,  
curving gracefully with lines and  
loops that slide down the page,  
leaving pictures that are vastly  
different from those in my head.

A



iii.

I speak Hindi,  
a language native to my nation,  
(learnt from the didis and bhaiyas at school-  
बेटा, Band-Aid लगा लो)  
and I've struggled to know it,  
for it is this very nativity, this belonging,  
that somehow alienates me- the strong  
resonant sounds, firm and gentle,  
that bind ink to form, and I  
wrestled with those bonds,  
till I finally accepted that yes, she  
belonged amongst everyone I knew,  
while I did not.

iv.

I speak in Malayalam,  
my native tongue,  
(learnt from my family-  
എപ്പോഴാണ് മടുക്കുന്നത്? )  
and I have tried long and hard to understand it-  
the loops and curves of its script curlier  
than my hair, the squiggles unlike anything  
I'd ever seen before, but the tangled curls  
hold sounds that roll over my tongue and under it,  
and speak in tones that undulate in distinctive ways;  
rooted as they are, they do not bind me -  
maybe that's why they feel natural,  
like home, like my own.



-Revathy Menon

# LIFE IN HAIKUS

Some people struggle  
to tell apart their friends and  
use-and-throw litter.

Sometimes a series  
can make you happier than  
any of your 'friends'.

It takes a lot of  
growing up to just want to  
be a kid again.

Love, you'll see, lies in  
the little things they do to  
keep you safe and sound

Success does not lie  
in the heights of branches but  
in the depths of roots.

A step forward needs  
a foot behind supporting  
the other, mid-air.

- A Rhapsody

# DANCING WITH THE MUSTARDS



A queer scent in the air drew me closer,  
Closer and closer yet,  
Before me were mustards as far as the eye could see.

Small brown birds prodding in the foliage,  
Looked for worms amongst other things,  
Enduring the heat of the ground.

As I made my way up to a tamarind,  
The air had caught a wind.  
So did the mustards.

Yellow was in motion.  
Swaying from left to right,  
Staying still in between.

The thin long stalks looking snap,  
Held on.  
The clouds moved over the patch.

My mind slipped,  
Eyesight faded,  
The sweet smell of cloves was in the air.

-Harsha

# Why is it so?

-Anonymous

*Why does one feel so hollow inside one's heart..  
Why does one become touchy to words..  
Why is it that one cannot feel happy or sad without the other,  
O, why is it that one cares so much about the other,  
Why is it so..  
Knowing the depths of life..  
Knowing the depths of people's hearts,  
Knowing perfectly well that no one can ever understand  
Why is it that, one still cares to love!  
Why is it so,  
Life, the way it is..  
Why, is it so,  
World, the way it is..  
Why  
Is  
It  
So  
For else, there won't be any pattern to spot..  
For else, there won't be any hope to try..  
For else, there won't be any meaning to life..  
Life's strangest puzzle..  
Open to be resolved..  
Blinded to a wise-man's eye..  
Easy to a child's heart.*



# The Little Space Traveller

"Ssshhhhooooooooo."

Jaggu opened his eyes hearing this soundz!

"It sounds like my mamma's pressure cooker!" He thought in his mind while his hands were fetching for goggles. Suddenly he realised that he is no longer in his bed!

"How come I am out of my bed? I remember quite well that I was in my bed last night with my science textbook, reading for the next day's class test. Did I fall down?" He tried to feel the ground.

"Something is wrong! I can't feel the ground either! Where am I then?". A lot of questions were bombarding Jaggu's mind simultaneously. It was dark everywhere in the beginning. It was scary. "Feeling like somebody has hanged me in the air! And that too, in a dark room! But why? What did I do?" - He thought to himself.

He looked around carefully. Now he could see so many shining things at a distance in the dark background. Some of them were bright as well but coloured differently. Some were bluish, and some were reddish, rest of them were dim white in colour. They were not uniform, but clustered, shattered like the stars in a clear night sky. But to his surprise, none of them seems to twinkle!

It reminded him of his grandma, who used to tell stories about twinkling stars and the bright moon when he was a small

child. "Miss you, nanny." - He whispered. His nanny's face flashed in his mind for a while, which brought out the brave and adventurous Jaggu in him.

"I am in space! Yes. Yes! In space!" Jaggu yelled with mixed expressions of excitement and fear. He pushed his body down so that his feet could touch the ground. It was a safe landing. He was nervous and felt dizzy. It was similar to the landing after a scary ride (the first and last one for him!) on the giant wheel in the exhibition, he thought. "Ohooo. That was terrific!". He shook his head vigorously.

Now what came to his mind was that photo of an 'astronaut' in his science textbook. The one in those weird costumes that they wear in space. "Ohhoo. Yaa. I can never forget that day Daisy Miss and her huge spectacles as well! She almost killed me with her sharp looks through those big spectacles. All of a sudden she asked me to spell the word 'astronaut' loudly in the class. The biggest embarrassment of my life! Everybody was laughing at me. Moreover, as punishment, she gave me 100 times imposition also! Cruel lady Hitler!"

After a few minutes of silence, he suddenly started checking his costume. "Alas! I am wearing my pyjama only! Not a space suit!?" That was surprising to him. A cute smile came on his face.



**"Time to explore!" He told himself. Now he had no fear. The place where he has landed looked like a volcano valley! It was very rocky and slippery. He was careful about each and every step. First, he wanted to know where the sound came from. He found out that those were small blasts from a volcano. It let out high pressure and hot vapours and smoke from underground. Now he was more careful with his steps, feeling like a soldier in a battlefield with hidden mines.**

**Then he was in a funny, playful mood. He was hopping and swinging in the air like a gymnast! It was like jumping with a spring attached to your shoes. Up in the air, flying and landing and then hopping again!**

**He was feeling a strange pleasure for being able to conquer his own little kingdom!**

**"I am the prince of this unknown deserted valley. Sounds good!". He was overwhelmed with delight. Suddenly he saw something amazing and was speechless for a moment.**

**"Earth! My planet. My home!" he screamed. It was big, round and bright blue in colour, same as what we see in pictures!**

**"It is beautiful!", Jaggu's voice was hardly coming out! The very next moment some thoughts struck his mind. He started feeling**

**lonely. "I don't even know where I am now! How far am I from my home?"**

**"Home!". The thought of home, family and friends made him emotional. He just wanted to go home now. He was baffled, and his mind was blank. He felt like somebody is calling him now.**

**"Jaggu...Jaggu!"**

**He looked in the direction of the earth. "Sound came from this direction. I am sure!" Now the only thing coming to his mind was that somehow he should reach back home!**

**Jaggu felt like the hero of a movie, who runs for his last chance in the climax!**

**"My earth, my home. I am coming." Jaggu started running towards the earth, shouting**

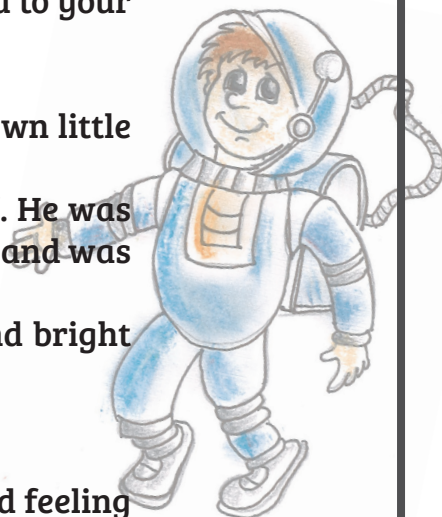
**like crazy. The rocky and slippery path didn't matter to him anymore.**

**"Thuddddd.."**

**Jaggu fell down from his bed with a loud noise.**

**"Ahhhh." He cried with his eyes closed and still stuck in his 'little space travel'.**

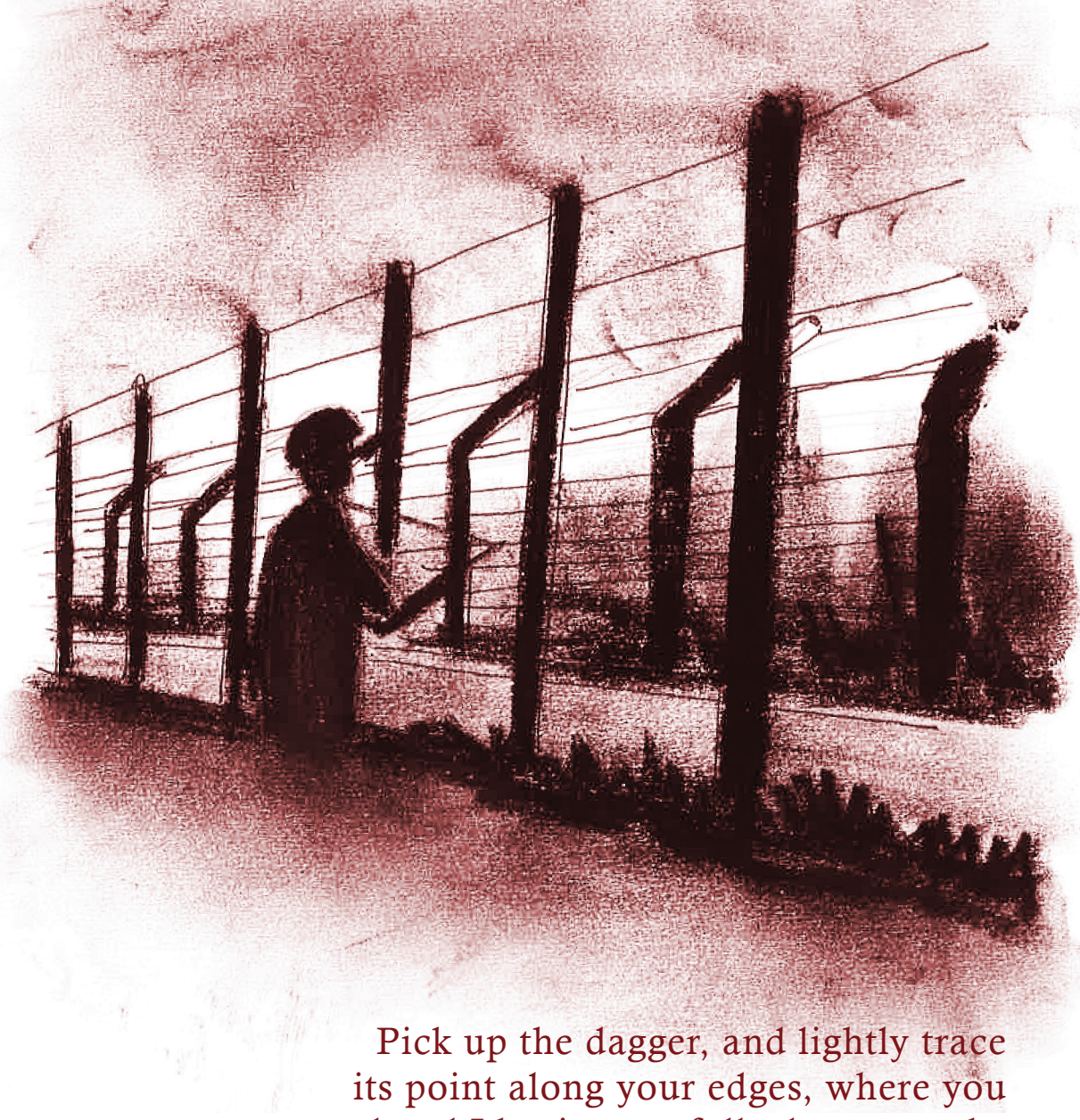
**It took some time for poor Jaggu to come out of that shock and realisation from his space journey and the pain afterwards!!! But still, don't know why, but a cute smile came on his face seeing his science textbook on the bed!**



**-Jalaja Madhusudhanan**

# History

-missharleyquinn



Pick up the dagger, and lightly trace  
its point along your edges, where you  
end and I begin; carefully, lest you take  
some of me in the process; I know, I  
thought, too, that we were one, but it  
turns out we're not- we're separated by  
a wide gulf of things and ideas we  
do not have in common, and I am too  
busy in proving myself right to see the  
wounds from my dagger, and you are too  
keen on protecting yourself from me  
to see evidences of you ripping me in two.  
Find me when you are done, pick up my  
pieces, pick up the chunks  
of all that you left me with, and put me  
back with love, bit by bit, and see if  
I'm still the same, still as whole,  
after all the wars we fought  
for what's ours.

## *The Not-so-sane Ugrasen!*

As usual, the date had slipped his mind. The fifteenth of January said the bottom right of his desktop screen. No researcher worth his or her salt should ever forget to enter the date of the experiment in the log book. And so, Dr. Ugrasen meticulously entered the date 15/01/2054 in his record.

In the past three and a half decades, India's power and might had grown almost exponentially. It was now the sixth member of the UN security council and had a GDP rivalled only by the likes of the USA and China. Indians were basically everywhere. They were the second people to reach and colonize Europa, beaten only by the USA by a matter of 2 months and ten days. They would win the race for Titan, Indians assured themselves.

At the forefront of such progress were men like Dr. Ugrasen, a man who had wriggled out of India's infamously harrowing educational system with relative ease. A member of the advisory council to the Prime minister, a member of the Lok Sabha, as well as a respected doctor of medical sciences and academician, he had achieved more in his life than most people can only dream of. Even with all his fame and wealth, he still put in gruelling 15 hour work days in his office in the Government's Department of Health and Welfare. It was in this office that he had developed the first fully working leukaemia vaccine and also where he became the first person to fully understand how placebos work. More on his achievements minute later.

Having finished filling his journal, Dr. Ugrasen started thinking about the only thing he prized more than his career, his hair. During his college days, the good doctor had magnificent shoulder-long, flowing hair. And oh was he proud of it. Though an affable-looking man in his late thirties, his rigorous routine was already taking a toll on him. His hair had started to whiten and his hairline was receding. Maybe it was time to go bald after all. Dr. Ugrasen was fond of his hair, and it pained him so to watch them disappear. He slowly shifted his longing gaze towards the exhibition case on the wall, which contained, among other things, a framed photo of his much younger self, with the gorgeous flowing locks. Right behind the photo were his two Nobel prizes, one in Physiology and Medicine for the vaccine and the other in Chemistry for his work on placebos. But the prize he really prized was the Bharat Ratna, the highest civilian award of the republic.

The good doctor had earned the prize recently. It was for his newly established experimental technique that can bump a person's natural life by up to 40 years. "Have yet to think of a name for that"- Dr. Ugrasen made a mental note. It would, of course, be extremely costly and available only to the top 1%. And obviously, the government saw it as a revenue stream and quickly made it out-of-bounds for the private sector. But the Earth already had a huge population crisis, with almost 14 billion people to sustain. With almost 3 billion of those in India itself, it became increasingly difficult to deal with the extra burden of the ultra-rich who just did not want to die when their time was up. You see, this is where the doctor's political genius kicked in. He proposed the Life Extension Programme, a bill which passed with a yes from all lawmakers except for one. For every rich douche wanting to enhance their lifespan, the government would randomly select a person to be executed.

A loud knock on the door caused the doctor to shift his attention from his yesteryear to the present time.

"Come in" said the doctor, a tad angry for having his concentration broken.

An aide came in. "There is something you should hear," said the aide, while handing the doctor his mail for the day.

"It can wait for a minute, let me wrap up," said the doctor rather sternly. The aide was slightly taken aback but had the good sense to keep quiet.

Dr Harivansh Ugrasen quietly labelled the four remaining blood samples as 1st, 2nd, 3rd, and 4th, and tucked them away in the final case of blood samples. After sending these samples off to testing, it would take little time to ascertain what it was that gave that girl those powers. He did not even remember her name. For a few weeks, the doctor had been running some tests on a girl that was supposedly unbreakable. Though other scientists claim it to be an effect of the bone structure, Dr Ugrasen was certain the answer could only be found by looking inside the body. The doctor now shifted his gaze towards the girl, lying on an operating table with her hands and feet fastened to the bed. Her eyes were closed.

From the mess created, the aide could sense that doctor was performing some kind of pre-death autopsy. He understood that the procedures were painful and the girl was probably drugged. The aide kept looking at the girl, who he found somewhat pretty. A smile spread across his face.

It took less than a second for that smile to turn into a ghastly expression of horror. The girl's eyes were open now, begging the aide for help. And she was thrashing about. The only things missing were her screams. The aide was qualified enough to understand the horror in the girl's expressions - the doctor had removed her vocal chords. He could clearly see the chords in a specimen jar placed on a rack next to the operating table. The aide had known that the doctor was up to something illegal, but he had never imagined it was this inhumane. He looked to his employer for an answer.

"I wanted to see her inside out without the effect of drugs and I was tired of the screaming," the doctor said in a very casual way as if that was reason enough. "Anyways, you wanted to say something" continued the doctor.

The aide could not get his eyes away from the girl. He should do something about this. Protest. Inform the authorities. But then he remembered that the doctor had a group of 10 armed soldiers for his own protection and that he himself was somewhat complicit in the doctor's illegal doings. Even the soldiers knew the doctor was up to some shady stuff, but the doctor's political power and the good pay this job provided kept the soldiers loyal to the doctor. But that did not mean the soldiers did not have any worries. The reason for his visit suddenly came back to the aide's mind.

"Sir, the soldiers are starting to grow a bit uneasy', the aide said nervously.

The stern look returned to the doctor's otherwise soft features. "Why may that be?' he fired back.

"The life extension programme, Sir. They believe that if your activities are discovered since they are working for you, they will be the ones singled out to be executed."

Dr. Ugrasen let out a long sigh. These worries were nonsense. Under the life extension programme,

for every rich douche wanting to enhance their lifespan, the government would randomly select a person to be executed. It was a widely believed rumour that the government only killed those in its bad graces. The doctor knew that was not true, at least that is not what he had proposed. In order to understate the number of people extending their lives, the government would often target people whose deaths could be explained as natural and could be covered up, small children, adolescents, the elderly, and the sick. The official, publicly declared executions relating to the programme were few and far in between. The rumours had started as the first person to be publicly executed was the son of the politician who had voted no for the bill. But the doctor knew that was not how the programme worked. They rarely chose middle-aged people, like Dr. Ugrasen, or his soldiers, or his aide for that matter.

"Look, the government does not know I am doing this. Neither does the military", said the doctor, picking up a stack of files and tapping them on the wooden desk to straighten them out. He faced the aide again. "Anyway, my goal here is to complete my research work without the government discovering anything about it. I could not care less about what a few of my soldiers feel uneasy about. You are dismissed."

"Please Sir, at least listen-", the aide tried to protest but was cut off.

"Out, now," said the doctor. He was sick and tired of his employees' whining. If they wanted absolute comfort in life, they should have made something out of themselves, like he himself had done.

The aide looked at the doctor for a moment, then turned to face the horrified mutilated voiceless lady with an expression of sorrow. He noticed the doctor looking sternly at him again. He gave the doctor a brief nod and left the room. The only thing the aide could do was cross his fingers and hope. Hope that the government acted on the information he had provided them some days ago.

The doctor exhaled out a long breath. A breath of relief. Another day's work well done. The results of the extensive blood test would tell him if he was right in assuming that the lady derived her strong anti-pathogen powers from her blood or not. There were several other powers yet to be accounted for. For example, her bones were supposedly unbreakable. The doctor was convinced the answer lied in the DNA. One at a time, the doctor reminded himself. And the time he had lots of. He was conducting these experiments unbeknownst to the government. If he could figure out a way to make soldiers disease-proof and unbreakable, he was sure the government would quickly come to his side. All he needed was to complete his research without them knowing.

He exhaled again. Putting his pen in his breast pocket, Dr. Ugrasen flipped through his mail. An electricity bill. Boring. A letter from his sister. Could wait. Offers for credit cards. Already had one. Finally, a letter addressed to him with the governor's stamp on the right upper corner. The doctor had been waiting for his tax returns for a long time- almost a month.

He opened the envelope and pulled out the folded paper inside. In the left-hand corner, was his address, his name, Aadhaar number and date of birth were printed in red. An odd choice of colour. His eyes then scanned the first sentence printed on the letter. The only sentence printed on the letter.

The letter slipped from the doctor's hands.  
He had been sentenced to death.

-Abhinaba Mazumder

# Random Rhymes

If you get scared by maths, it's just fine.

Numbers can be cruel, remember 7 8 9.

Elementary matrices can reduce you to 1,

Limits and Calculus will make you cry!

A convergent sequence is never out of bounds,

Ellipses and Circles are shapes that are round.

Use the Sandwich Theorem to get your results,

Maths is not for kids, leave it to us, the adults.

-Anonymous

$$a^2 = c^2 - b^2$$
$$x = \frac{-b \pm \sqrt{b^2 - 4ac}}{2a}$$

$$A = \pi r^2$$

Art by  
Harish.U

# Homo fictum

- Mrugank Dake

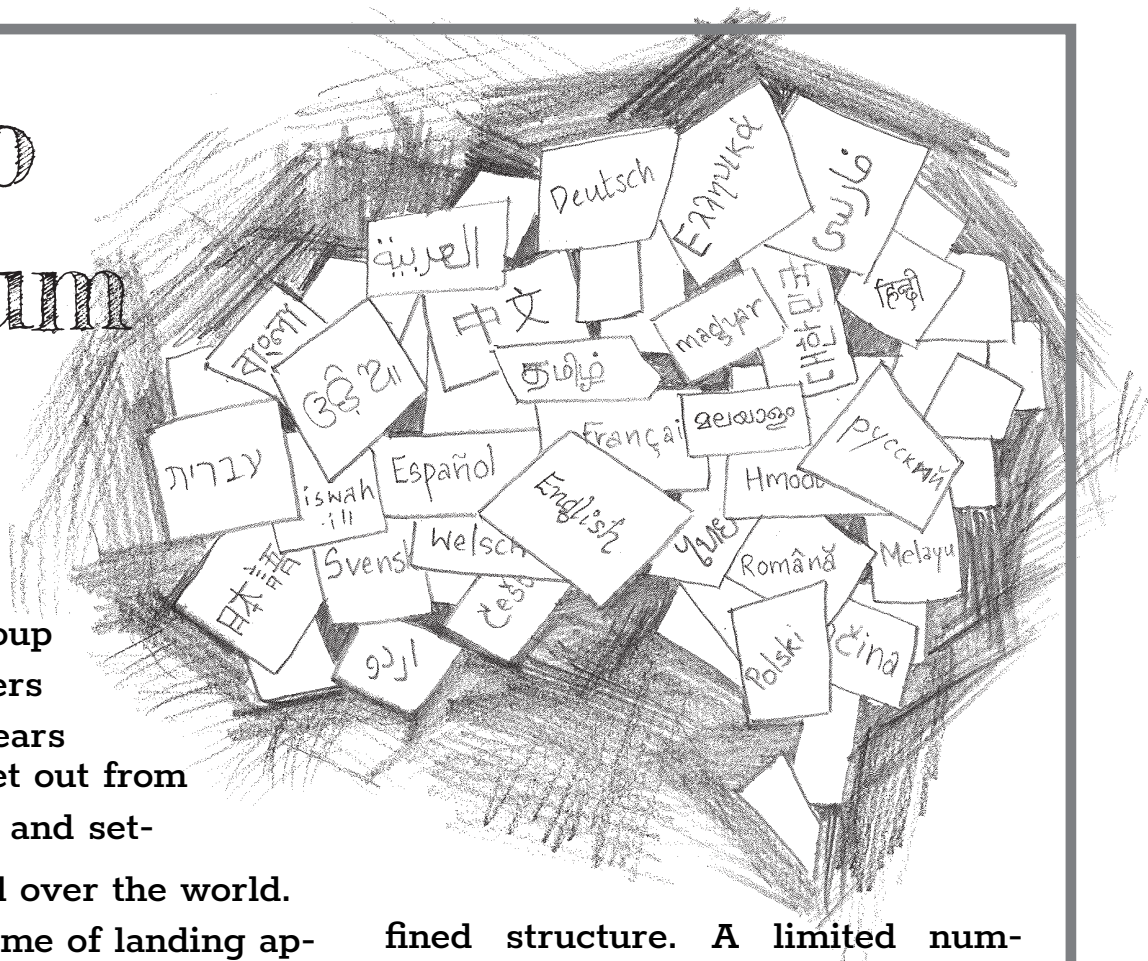
The story begins with a group of hunter-gatherers around 70,000 years ago when they set out from Africa to explore and settle themselves all over the world. Somehow their time of landing appears to be highly correlated with wiping out of many species from these lands. In this period (between 70000 - 30000 years ago), a large number of changes happened in their societies and culture.

Of the many changes that happened, the one that would change them entirely was the development of language: a means to communicate. But wait! All animals, plants and even bacteria communicate. In fact, higher animals like some insects, birds, and mammals have also evolved to use sound as a means of communication. Then what makes the human language unique? The answer is structure. Human language has a well-de-

fined structure. A limited number of sounds can be connected to create many words which can then be joined in many different ways to form complex sentences.

Humans could now express their experiences with words. They could tell their group members what food is good, who is cheating whom and what do the neighboring tribe members do. Social learning was taken altogether to a new level.

The power of language, however, is not in this expression of memories but in passing down knowledge about things that don't exist at all. The food that can't be eaten could then be said of being evil. The natural phenomenon could



be given divine powers. Myths, gods, demons, prophecies started to appear. What good could this be? After all, people who are going to spend hours with gods and demons or go out in search of mythological objects are going to get a small hunt. They and their families will strive and thus have a lesser chance of passing down their genes.

However, imagination also allowed something more: to dream in groups. The tales began to spread across tribes, and people who believed in similar things started uniting in groups. A typical human can maintain healthy contacts with about 150 other humans (Dunbar's number 5, it is based on the data from primates and extrapolating it to average human brain size). However, when it comes to same ideology, people can unite under one flag without needing to know each other. The flag of divine power, of being in the same tribe, of being in the same country and of being a human. The cognitive limit exceeded the biological constraints. Today we all coexist just because we all believe in this flag of humanity.

Today's world in which you and I live could all be accounted for this leap of fiction. We believe in gods, in nations, in human rights all of which don't exist physically but are somewhere in our minds. It gives us the power to unify. People working in companies can believe themselves to be a part of something big: an emblem. Institutes, colleges, nations, governments, laws, and society all work because their members have faith in them.

It's incredible, right? We all work and live our lives for and with things that don't exist! More strange is that we talk about these objects as being a part of the world. Ascribing to them existence!

References:

Sapiens: A Brief History of Humankind by Yuval Harari.

Dunbar, R.I.M (1992). "Neocortex size as a constraint on group size in primates."

# The Night Queen



I am a little candle  
Born in a factory 'BONANZA CANDLES'  
Stepped on this Earth on a Christmas Eve  
With many sparkling and scintillating siblings.

I am draped in pure white  
Wearing the crown yellow bright.  
You can see me in the night when its dark  
And as the wind blows I sway and dance.

Am a little candle burning bright  
To keep you safe all through the night.

Oh! What a pity?  
My crown is thrashed in the battle with the wind.  
I give my heart to spread the light of love..

To the hearts of many  
To live through life in lucent light.

- K. Swetha

# FAIRNESS TO THE WORD

To be fair is a word  
But a word to be fair is rare

They name themselves humans  
But, in their actions they are inhuman

How can we trust someone,  
Who is not fair to his name?

- Akshay Dhan.



# ഏകാന്തത

ഏകാന്തതയുടെ വഴിത്താരയിൽ  
സാധാഹനതീരങ്ങൾ തേടി ഞാനലഞ്ഞു  
സാഗരം പക്ഷെ ശാന്തമായി  
ഹൃദയത്തെ സ്പർശിച്ചൊരു തെന്നൽ  
എന്നെ തഴുകി കടന്നുപോയി  
ദൂരെ, സാധാഹനദേവൻ കുരതി ജ്വലിച്ചു-  
കൊണ്ടൊരു തുള്ളി വെട്ടുമായ് മാഞ്ഞു  
അന്നു ഞാനറിഞ്ഞു  
നിശാഗന്ധിതൻ ഏകാന്തത .....  
ആരവങ്ങൾക്കിടയിൽ ഒറ്റയ്ക്കിരുന്നപ്പോൾ  
എൻ മനം ഇടറിയോ, എൻ ഹൃദയം തുളുമ്പിയോ  
അറിയാതെപ്പറിഞ്ഞു ഞാനെന്നാത്മാവിൻ രോദനം  
ആരോ കൊളുത്തിയ തിരിനാളം പോലെ  
കുരതി ജ്വലിക്കുന്ന സ്വപ്നങ്ങളിനിതാ  
പൊഴിയുവാനായ് ഒരങ്ങുന്നു  
ഞാനൊന്നും അറിഞ്ഞില്ല.

-Aisha Shigna

# SHADOW

You are like the river  
And I don't know where you came from (into my life),  
and where will you go...  
But just as the river cleans the banks of the river,  
you came into my life to make it better.  
It's just that seeing a river gives me a sense of calmness  
and order in my life...  
I just want to be with it (you),  
so that I don't fall behind...

- Nabadip Choudhury



# A Day at ANET Field Station

- Narola Harsh

Unlike on the mainland, I didn't really need an alarm to wake up as Benjamin, a stout-fancy-colourful rooster who was also patron to most other chickens you would see around, was very punctual with his routine.

I'd get out of bed, open the window and see the sun shining quite high for eight in the morning. Strangely, my cottage had two doors on opposite walls and large windows on the rest of the sides. It is most probably a Karen-style cottage.

I'd bathe and head to the kitchen which, apart from being a regular kitchen, serves as a good TT and hula-hoop-ing point, viable gym and occasional dance-floor. Post-breakfast, I'd go to the library which is apparently the only place here with a lock on the door, and is locked every night as well. The library used to be my regular workspace here throughout my stay and the best part about it is that, due to the wooden floor, you can hear people coming in and going out. If you're more careful, you can tell precisely who the person is no matter where you are sitting. In addition to the reference books on various topics this place has a shared bookshelf which has collections ranging from nationalist (or rather anti-nationalist) Arundhati Roy to Clive Cussler and Dirk Pitt.

Next to the library is a small ground where we'd play volleyball in the evening, generally starting around five and going till the ball is no longer visible. To be honest, that was the best pastime during my stay.

Volleyball was occasionally followed by quick workout sessions next to the kitchen that I never really joined. Later in the evening, I'd go back to the library, and stay there till dinner time. Post-dinner we'd go to the mangroves, capture a fish and set up a device that records the sounds the fish made, which is otherwise inaudible to humans. After an hour or so, we'd collect the device and that would be the end of a regular day.

The pictures above are taken by Dr. Yashwan Patankar. Also, the article first appeared on his blog site: [psychedelicnostalgia.wordpress.com/](https://psychedelicnostalgia.wordpress.com/)



# IN SEARCH OF MUSICAL "FRANKENSTEIN"

Music, sounds, emotions, intelligence, mood swinging are deeply and tightly related to our human life. Music, in addition to providing a means for self-expression, affects people in various ways, from our moods to cognitive development. Musical training has been shown to enhance intellectual development and ability. One's personality can have an effect on musical preferences. Different styles or types of music are the results of a mixture of various types of elements like pitch, melody, harmony, rhythm, dynamics and sonic qualities of timbre and texture.

In the modern era of computers and artificial intelligences, all these have important roles in production of modern music. Electronic music is an application of technology in musical composition to help human composers to create new music, to design new sounds, and to synthesize sound etc. Few important reasons I found to study this field were the following questions:

A) All those human beings who do not have the capabilities to express the musical minds inside them, how should they convey their musical feelings and their own real time compositions?

B) Is anthropogenic music always the best ones? Or can individuals take the help of machines to make their musical compositions better?

All these questions will be answered, if people start to believe in machines and if they start to believe in the mixture of human intelligence and technology. Then the birth of a giant 'Frankenstein' musical system will take place which will entertain us through the internet and compose music for us, as well as compose background scores for one's own lyrical and musical compositions.

On my 15th birthday I made an instrument like 'Ektara' because I liked the simplicity of it. The body was a tin box, the horn-shaped part made of a composite bow and an iron thin wire, and the bow made a rubber outer cover of an electric wire.

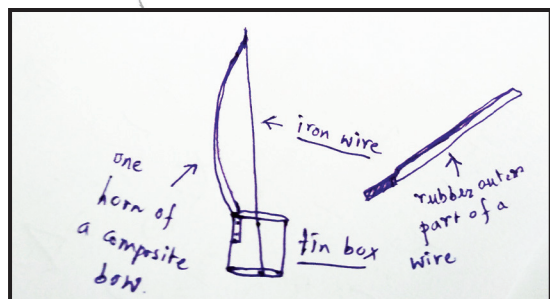


Fig 1: An instrument like ektara

Later I fell in love with the sound of the flute and decided to make it. While doing my MSc., in the winter holidays, I made one flute of 'g#' scale from a curtain rod and a rubber stopper, using 'flutomat' (an online platform that measure hole distance from stopper for specific tones and thicknesses of the wall of the pipe). After that, I was thinking of making an instrument which will be controlled by a computer program. At that, I saw a video about the 'sea organ' which was designed by 'Nikola Bašić' in Zadar, Croatia 2005. I was astonished as to how that device made sound using sea waves and air pressure. The natural energy driven patterns of air columns make music in that device.



Fig 2: Stairs of the Zadar sea organ

I decided, at that time, to make a computer-controlled instrument in which the sound will be the sound of wind. I chose the sound of a beer bottle to make that instrument, it sounded like a pan flute. I was designing that instrument, but due to lack of resources I was unable to complete it. The concept

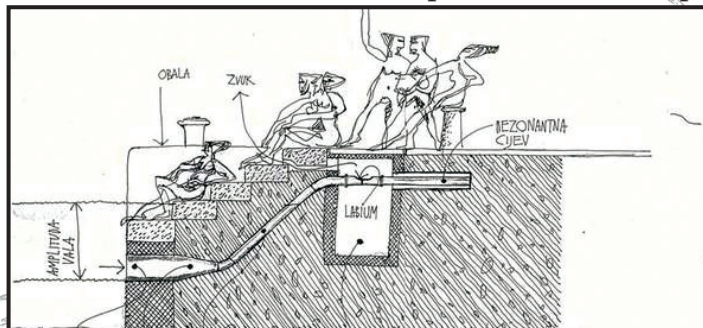


Fig 3: Tube-pipe tandem, architect's sketch (Nikola Bašić)

was the following- there will be 8 tuned beer bottles (tuned using water columns) which would be blown by a central electric blower, and from that blower 8 different air pipes will deliver the particular air pressure to the bottle mouth in order to make a sound.

And those 8 air pipes will be controlled by 8 different air valves controlled by an Arduino chip, which will engage the signaling system from the computer software to the air valve. One can plot the notes and playing time of the notes in a graph-like platform in the software. People can program their own compositions on that platform and the instrument will play accordingly. The main difficulty I faced in the project was to make that air valve. Though I was not successful at that time, I was pretty sure that one day there will be a virtual brain which will give instructions to the software to play the music according to its own composition.

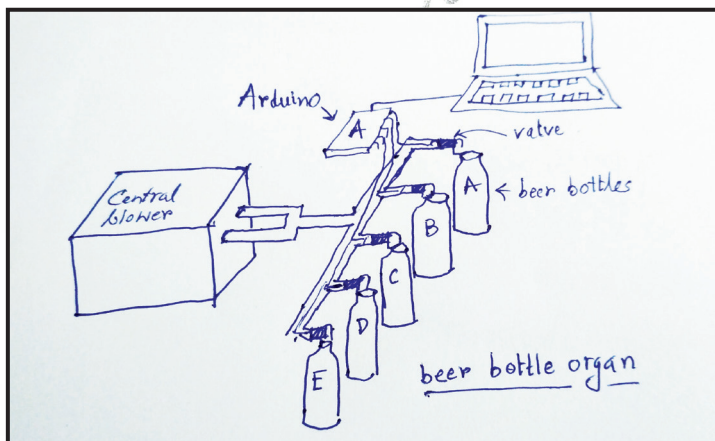


Fig 4: Sketch of the computer controlled instrument

At that time, I was simultaneously involved in researching about programming languages for designing an electronic synthesizer software. This software will play digital music accordingly if input is given as MIDI files. One can make their own preferred sounds using programming languages and can design their own 'softsynth'. One such musical programming language is "Puredata" which was developed in the 90's for creating interactive computer music and multimedia works.



Fig 5: A platform "Ableton Live 9" Digital Audio workstation

Under a 'softsynth' one can have different sounds as per the need. I composed few (trance music) tracks using one such software. One of those tracks can be found in the following link: "[https://www.reverbnation.com/open\\_graph/song/27177040](https://www.reverbnation.com/open_graph/song/27177040)".

There are several digital audio workstations which allows computer softwares to record human voice samples, and helps edit and adjust real instrument-sounds and mix them with several other components. This is actually a job of a sound engineer or a record producer, as well as a human composer.

What if all of those jobs are to be controlled by an artificial brain; a series of algorithms which will teach itself through several learning techniques; which can embed those techniques into their own architectural structure via reconstructing their own algorithm and make itself a strong decision maker? It could modify themselves, and develops itself accordingly. They'd have the ability to learn, ability to discover patterns and generate insights from data. 'Deep learning' is one such sub-part of machine learning which is the most advanced (AI) Artificial Intelligence field, one that brings AI closest to the goal of creating machines to learn and think as much like humans as possible. Deep learning requires complex architecture that mimics a human brain's neural network in order to make sense of patterns, even with noise, missing details, and other sources of confusion.

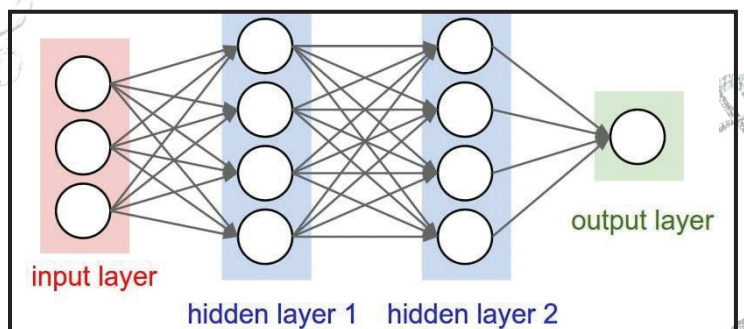


Fig 6: Deep Learning

Such a software agent can be taught deep neural networking to understand the art of musical compositions by feeding to it a large database of classical partitions, written by famous composers such as Bach, Beethoven and Mozart. Then it can become capable of capturing concepts of music theory just by acquisition existing musical works.

'AIVA Technologies' has created one such AI called AIVA (Artificial Intelligence Visual Artist) and taught it how to compose classical music. AIVA has

learned its own models of music theory through 'Deep Learning' techniques and composed its own sheets of music. It has already released its first album called "Genesis" in June 2016. AIVA recently became the first AI ever to officially acquire the worldwide status of composer. One can listen to the tracks of the album "Genesis" online through the link "<https://www.youtube.com/watch?v=Ebnd03x137A>".

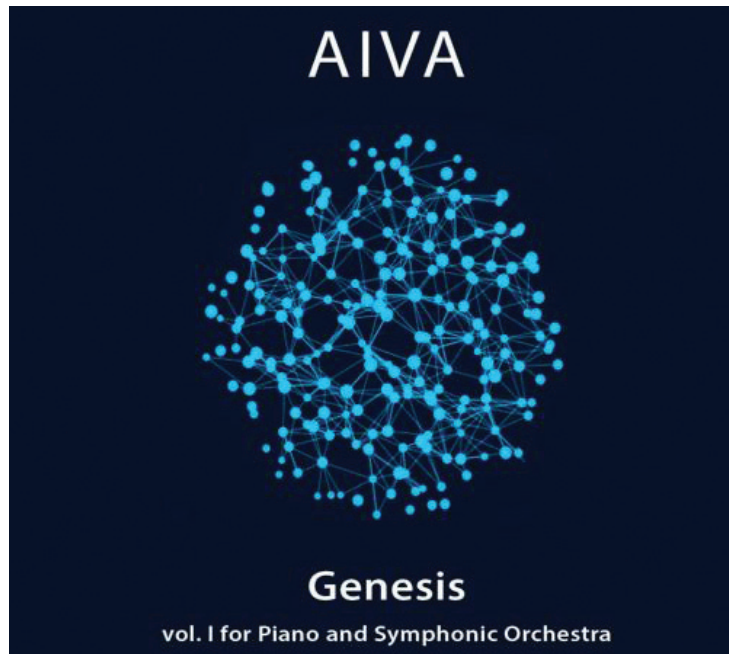


Fig 7: Album cover of "Genesis" composed by AIVA

Answer for the question A) is under research though people made few instruments like "mi.mu gloves". The mi.mu gloves represent a transformation in the way electronic music is performed - taking the musician away from their laptop screen and making computer music as visual, gestural, dynamic and engaging as acoustic music performed with "real" instruments.



Fig 8: Ariana Grande performs with mi.mu gloves

But a day will come when people will express their compositions through the signals from their brain. They'll just think about the sounds they prefer for their compositions and instantly the AIs will be making the softsynths with those sounds. People are studying brain mapping technology which can

help us. The fastest computers are taking part in real-time digital audio signal processing and various AI-making companies are taking part in this research.

An important technology which will have a part in changing the world, will allow you to record your dreams, will allow telekinesis, and would upload you into the internet. Oh! Its amazing, what if Elon Musk allows you to get into his thoughts, for one day through the internet? People's mind can be connected via internet. It will be the new telepathy. That is BCI (Brain Computer Interface) technology. Rajesh Rao, a neuro-engineer, and lead researcher from University of Washington talks about how this could work. The brain controls bodily functions through neurons. Neurons send chemical and electric signals to the muscles and other parts of body to function. BCI technology works in a similar way. It measures the electrical signals generated from the brain, processes the underlying pattern and uses the data to control a machine. It uses an EEG (Electroencephalogram) cap to send the signal data from the brain into the computer. Some BCIs use ECoG (Electrocorticography) which is a series of chips directly placed on the surface of the brain. Researchers are working in this area to make such a safe, non-invasive device. And in the future one's brain data (individual thoughts, dreams etc.) will be uploaded onto the internet. People with physical disabilities will be able to play instruments by their musical mind with this technology.

The mixture of technology and human intelligence will make this world a better place. In the near future, a body will not be needed at all to live for long time. One's brain will be enough to live and other body parts will be replaced by prosthetic ones. It will make man immortal. The disadvantages of these upcoming technologies cannot be foretold, but philosophically, the acceptance of such a device will depend on its audience.

In short, mankind will have more access to new unseen horizons.

Sources:

[www.croatia.org/crown/articles/9359/1/nikola-bai-ae-author-of-the-zadar-sea-organ.html](http://www.croatia.org/crown/articles/9359/1/nikola-bai-ae-author-of-the-zadar-sea-organ.html)

[www.guthman.gatech.edu/mimugloves](http://www.guthman.gatech.edu/mimugloves)

[www.aiva.ai](http://www.aiva.ai)

-Subhojit Mandal

# I ask Myself – Why?

Apart from the existential question of why we exist, there are so many instances every day, rather every hour, when the question why passes through my mind.

Yes, yes, being a budding scientist, you're supposed to ask 'why' and try to find out the answer for it, but I mean asking why I need to do something even when I know it's wrong. Why do I need to procrastinate? I know it's bad, from all the times in school when completing my Practical Record File used to take place 2 minutes before the teacher crossed my desk. I know I could have done it the night before when I chose to scroll through my Instagram account looking for funny memes, but was too lazy to laugh when I found one.

Why do I bother to take the 'vadas' in the mess during breakfast, when I know that it's going to taste bitter?

Why do I consciously, but impulsively say mean things? (and regret it later, of course) Why do I feel like wearing shorts in cold weather? Why get wet in the rain, when I know I'll fall ill? Why do I want to eat ice-cream when the temperature is 50 degree Celsius?

I know it's bad to read in the dark; that my eyesight will be affected - but for me, comfort at that second is greater than long term problems. 'Deal with it when time comes', I say to

myself. Everyone who has read 'Inferno' by Dan Brown knows about denial. The natural psychological defence mechanism of overcoming problems that are beyond us. In these cases, one person can't make a change and honestly, a common human being does not have the motivation to mobilize a crowd. The world knows that the population is increasing steadily, at rates faster than ever before, but all we do about it is write an essay on it in a competition, win the prize and forget about it.

Another thing that we human beings deny is the consequences of our actions. Not just denying it to others, but ourselves. It's simply beyond our coping mechanism to think of the harmful effects of our behaviour on others. "He's crying because of me? There must've been something else that happened. People's world does not revolve around me. I need to stop relating everything to myself."

Human beings, gifted with the ability to process complex information ignore facts directly in front of their eyes. We can build the Large Hadron Collider in CERN, humans (at least some) can somehow accept the fact that quantum entanglement takes place, and that spontaneous mutation of DNA occurs by quantum tunnelling but can't process that we need to stop using plastic. Why can't we?

One explanation for doing things we know are wrong is 'Old habits die hard.' But based on experience, I know I will try something inexplicable.

And despite all the reasons, I'm still hopeful. I'm still hopeful that our Physics Quiz will be postponed, but there's no reason for it to be. I'm still hopeful that my alarm will ring in the morning when I know my phone is dead. Stupid, yet that's who we are.

-Anonymous

# UNTROUBLED



There are 7 billion humans in this world and humans have addictions. People crave, they crave for their needs, their requirements and desires, which could be anything from money to possibly cocaine.

But no matter who we are, we all have this one desperation, the desperation to be happy. What makes us all similar is this emotion that we hopelessly cling on to and which drives us towards anything we plan for our life. For all the decisions we make, major or minor, consciously or subconsciously our one aim is that sense of self satisfaction.

What is grief? Grief and sadness is basically just an absence, it has no individuality. It is the absence of joy, of hope and of light. Depression on the other hand is the complete non existence of emotion and expression. The point where numbness becomes a part of who you are. It resembles hiraeth, a homesickness for a home that never was.

But happy is complicated. How do we define joy? The feeling of great pleasure and happiness? (hello Google)

Joy isn't something that we can simply bestow upon ourselves. No, there is never always a reason to be happy. There will always be dark phases, times when you'll feel the lowest you've ever felt and days when you will not wish to see the next days sun.

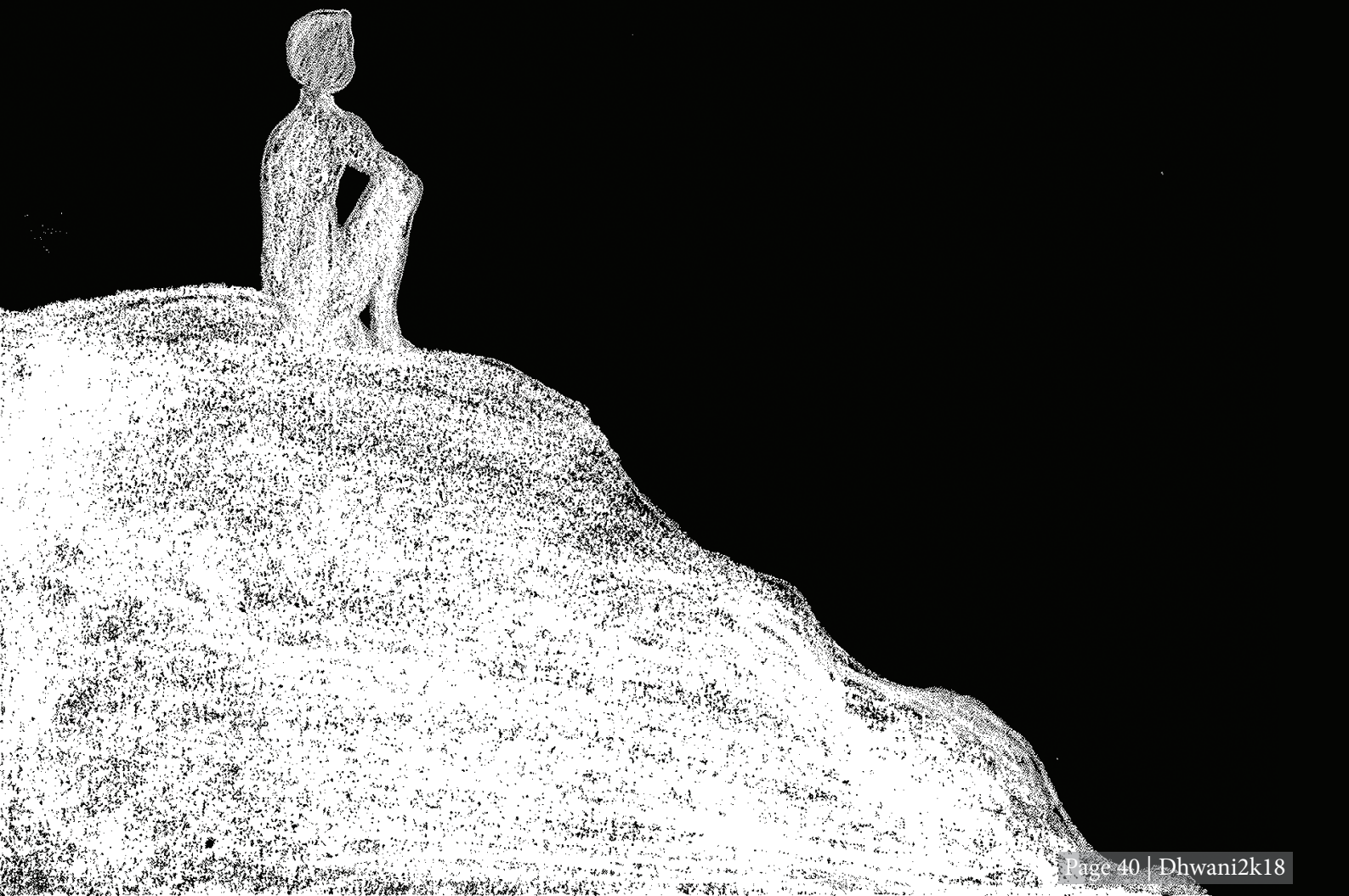
The funny thing however is, we console each other by claiming that it's temporary, it passes and that time heals everything but then get absolutely blithe about the fact that content doesn't last either. Maybe we should just hold on to the little things in life. Maybe we should appreciate the presents of the present or the memories of the past. Or maybe we should just rub our closed eyes and enjoy a few minutes of the phosphenes of muffled lights and a blurred mind.

-Nikita Balodhi.

# SOOTHING DARKNESS

Here I sit at the edge of the ground in the middle of a night...  
I could hear some soul laughing at a distance but no sight...  
I could hear some dog barking at a distance...  
As if a spirit wants to scream for instance...  
Cold breeze touching my face creating a murmur sound...  
As if it wants to tell some tale to spellbound...  
Low siren from far away can be heard too...  
And I don't know why but all this is pleasing too...

-Sarfaraj



# AWADH ASSAM EXPRESS



I started for Katihar junction at 6 am from my home. I was going to Mohali for Inter IISER Sports meet, but before that, I had to meet my cousin-sister who stays in Sri Ganganagar (Rajasthan) which is a 3-hour journey from Bhatinda. I had booked my ticket in Awadh Assam express which left from Katihar at 10:30 am. On reaching Katihar at 9 am, I found that my train was delayed by 4 hours. So I went to the waiting room to get some rest because I did not sleep the previous night. I was busy packing, and everyone knows how good boys are in packing. Even if you give us two months to pack, the packing will be done only in the last two hours. After waiting for few hours I went to check the train status at 2pm and realised that the train was delayed again by 3 more hours. My limit of patience had crossed and I was really frustrated but left with no option, so again I went back to the waiting hall. These three hours were going to be very difficult for me. I was thinking that I should have started late from home instead of so early in the morning. I talked to my parents, but still, there was too much time left. None of my friends enquired about where I was and when I would reach Mohali, not even the close ones. It was just me who was calling everyone during the holidays and asking about when they were reaching Mohali. After realising that people only remember you when they need you (and left with no option), I sat on the same steel chair that was hurting my back for the last 6 hours. At 4:50 pm, I heard the announcement that the 'Awadh Assam' express is coming on platform number 6 but due to noise I could not hear the train number properly. I hurriedly ran towards platform 6. While going towards platform 6 I saw on the notice board that The Awadh Assam (15909) will come on platform number 5 at 5:10 pm. But still, I could clearly hear the announcement that Awadh Assam is standing on platform number 6. I was confused about what is happening; how could announcement and the status on the notice board differ? But I thought as this is India mistakes are pretty common here. So I reached the platform 6, bought a water bottle and asked the shopkeeper 'Is it Awadh Assam Express?'. After his positive reply, I quickly went to my coach S2. I went near my berth and found a person sitting on it. Knowing that the berth did not belong to him I proudly asked him "Is this berth yours?" I was eagerly waiting for his answer and as he said no I quickly told him to leave it. I had booked my ticket in sleeper class and it was really smelling bad due to overcrowding in the waiting list. Finally I was on my train and I had nothing to do except wait for 40 hours till I reach Bhatinda. The only thing running in my head was that I would never travel in this dirty train again. I cleaned my berth, spread my bed sheet, put on my earphones and slept with a sweet smile thinking that I would wake up next morning. I was completely exhausted. But still, I could not sleep because people around me were making too much noise. After 1 hour (at 6:30 pm) I saw the TC in my coach. Even after having the ticket I got afraid on seeing him and I don't know why. He came near me asked "Is this your berth?". I told him yes. But he said that the berth was cancelled and no one was travelling in it. Then I proudly showed him my ticket. After looking at the ticket, he said something that made a nuclear explosion in my head. He said that the train I was on was not the train which was going towards Bhatinda, it is 15910 which was going towards Assam. Then I flashed back and realised that it is not because of India that mistakes happen but people like me who do it. The TC told me to get down at the next coming station Barsoi which was about to come in 2 minutes and get the train "Capital Express" which was about to arrive Barsoi. He told if I would be lucky I might get my real train. I hurriedly packed

my luggage and got down at Barsoi station and ran towards the ticket counter to get a general ticket. I had lost my hope of getting my train since it had crossed Barsoi half an hour ago and would be about to reach Katihar junction. I took the ticket and then I called my parents. I was really panicked and tensed and was not even able to think properly. I had around 15 days of travel planned after reaching Bhatinda including Sri Ganganagar, Bhatinda, Mohali, Chandigarh, Central University of Punjab, Amritsar, Wagah Border, Delhi etc. I talked to my parents and thank god, they did not scold me. They told me to come back home and then we can decide together what to do. It was already 6:45 pm and there was no hope for catching my train since it would leave from Katihar at 7:10 pm. I was really terrified, my hands were trembling. I called some of my friends and no one picked up and then, again, I realised that I never had anyone.

At 7:00 pm the Capital Express arrived and I hurriedly got into the general coach. I asked people how long it would take to reach Katihar and they said it would take 1 hour. I was really hopeless and decided finally to travel back to my home, for which I had to reach Katihar. I was also worried about what I would answer to people near my home, who will just laugh at my stupid mistake. After half an hour, my brother called me and told me that my train had still not reached Katihar and its departure time from Katihar was now estimated at 8:10 pm. Now this was amazing, I got some hope that I might catch my train. After 5 minutes, the Capital Express stopped somewhere and remained there for around 20 minutes. My hopes again went to hell. It was already 7:50 pm and I knew catching that train was not my cup of tea. Again my brother called me and said that the train had still not reached the station and since its stoppage at Katihar was for 20 minutes, I might catch the train. The Capital started and it was running really fast. It was 8:20 pm and my brother asked me if I reached and said that the train had arrived at the station 10 minutes ago. Within 5 minutes Capital reached Katihar junction and I quickly got out of the train at platform number 1.

I heard that Awadh Assam was on platform number 6. I had too much luggage, two bags in both of my hands, one over my neck and one at the back. So I thought to get a coolie. I asked the coolie to quickly get my luggage and drop at platform 6. He said he would take 60 rupees and I said yes and asked him to hurry up. Now something happened which I never expected. I was in a great hurry and that guy was slowly tying his towel over his head as if he was going to his father's marriage. I quickly took my luggage and ran towards Platform 6 without even wasting a single second. I was having difficulty to walk fast as the luggage was more and also my pair of jeans was pulling down. Managing my luggage and jeans and running on the overbridge, I was hoping that the train does not leave before I reach the platform. I just landed on platform 6 and managing my jeans I ran like a mad bull towards coach S2. I safely reached my berth. Ohh, luckily I got my train. I called my parents and they were surprised after hearing it.

I was still thinking about what I did and how it all happened. So, I could not stop laughing at myself. One of the things running through my head was the name 'Bhatinda', and the movie 'Jab We Met', indicating the reason for missing my train. But finally I was on my train and there is a saying in Hindi that goes 'Ant Bhalo To Sab Bhalo'. So lastly, my cool winter trip went safely.

-Shubham Sinha

# ஓக்கி என்னும் அழகி ...

-Abiya R

ஓர் இதமான மாலைப்பொழுது. பூத்துக் குலுங்கும் பூக்களின் வாசத்தினை ஏந்தி வரும் மாலைநேரத் தென்றல்காற்று; பூக்களின் தேன் தேடி அங்கும் இங்கும் நடமாடும் வண்ண வண்ண வண்ணத்து பூச்சிகள்; இனிதாய் பாடும் பறவைகள்; தித்திக்கும் மாம்பழம் ஒன்றைச் சுவைத்தவாறே இவற்றைப் பார்த்து ரசித்துக் கொண்டிருந்தான் அஜய். இதோ, மாமா வந்துவிட்டார்கள். அஜய் அம்மா பாட்டி வீட்டிலிருந்து இன்று அப்பா பாட்டி வீட்டிற்கு செல்கிறான் கோடை விடுமுறை என்றாலே கொண்டாட்டம் தானே. அதுவும் ஆண்டிற்கு ஒருமுறை ஊருக்கு வரும் பேரனின் மழலைச்சொல் கேட்க தாத்தா-பாட்டிகள் காத்துக்கொண்டிருப்பார்களே .மாமாவும் அஜயும் இருசக்கர வாகனத்தில் புறப்பட்டார்கள். அரைமணிநேர பயணத்திலும் அஜய்க்கு வேடிக்கை பார்க்கவும் கேள்விகள் கேட்கவும் நேரம் போதாது. பயணத்தால் இன்று இந்த மாலை இன்னும் அழகாய் தெரிந்தது ,சிறுவன் அஜய்க்கு .

சாலையின் இருபுறமும் நிற்கின்ற நிழல்தரும் பல்வகை மரங்களும் பூத்துக்குலுங்கும் செடிகளும் கண்டு கண்டு மனம் குளிரும். காற்றில் அலையலையாய் நடனமாடும் பச்சைப் பட்டுடுத்திய வயல்வெளிகள் வளமையின் சின்னமாய் நிற்க; மா, பலா, வாழை என முக்கணிதரும் மரங்களும் காண்பவரின் நாவில் எச்சில் ஊறச்செய்ய ,என்னவொரு கண்கொள்ளாக் காட்சி!

புதிதாக பார்க்கின்ற மரங்களுக்கும் செடிகளுக்கும் அஜய் தன் கொஞ்சம் மழலையில் ஏதாவது பெயரிட்டு மகிழ்வான். காகிதம்போல் பூபூக்கும் 'பேப்பர்ப்பூ',புளியிலை போல் இலை இருக்கும் 'புலி டைப் ' மரங்கள், தென்னை மரம்போல் இலை இருக்கும் 'கோக்கநட் டைப் ' மரங்கள், சூரியகாந்தி போல் நடுவில் விதை இருக்கும் மலர்களின் மரங்கள், வித்தியாசமான இலை வடிவங்கள் கொண்ட மரங்கள் என பெயரிட்டுக் கொண்டே செல்ல, நேரம் செல்வதே தெரியவில்லை அஜய்க்கு.

இவை அனைத்தையும்விட சாலைப்பயணத்திற்கு அழகு சேர்க்கும் ஒன்று உண்டு .அதுதான் மலைகள். வெவ்வேறு தோற்றங்களில், பலவிதமான பச்சை நிறங்களில் மரங்களுக்கிடையில் ஆங்காங்கே பாறைகள் தெரிய, பஞ்சு போல முகில்வரை தொட்டு கம்பீரமாய் நிற்கும் மலைகளின் அழகிற்கு ஈடேதும் இல்லை.

மரங்களோ கட்டிடங்களோ மறைக்காத இடங்களில், தோட்டத்திற்கு அந்த பக்கம் தெரிவது போல் தெரியும் மேற்குத்தொடர்ச்சி மலை. மலைகளை அவ்வளவு அருகில் காண்பது, அஜய்க்கு மிகவும் பிடிக்கும். அதை விட அவை வெகு தொலைவில் உள்ளன, என்று மாமா சொன்ன செய்தி மலைப்பூட்டியது. "மாமா, இந்த கோக்கநட் ட்ரீஸ் தாண்டி போனதும் அந்த மலை பக்கத்துல இருப்போம்தானே ? " என்று கேட்ட அஜயிடம், "இல்லப்பா, அந்த கோக்கநட் ட்ரீஸ் தாண்டிப் போனா இன்னும் நிறைய வயல் இருக்கும்.அதைத் தாண்டி நிறைய தோட்டங்கள் சாலைகள் எல்லாம் இருக்கும். அவை எல்லாவற்றையும் தாண்டிப் போனால்தான் மலை வரும்" என்றார்."ஓ, நம்ம வீட்டிலிருந்தே இந்த மலையெல்லாம் நம்ம கூடவே வருதே !சன்னும் மூணும் அப்படி தெரிறது அதெல்லாம் ரொம்ப டிஸ்டன்ஸ்ல இருக்கிறதுனாலனு அம்மா சொன்னாங்க. இதுவும் அது மாதிரியா?" என்று கேள்விகளால் மாமாவைத் துளைத்துக் கொண்டே வந்தான். மாமாவைத் துளைத்துக் கொண்டே வந்தான்.

வழியில் ஒரு அழகான மலையடிவார கிராமத்தில் சுக்குக்காபி குடிக்கச் சொன்னார்கள். இப்பொழுது அஜய்க்கு மாமா சொன்னது புரிந்தது. அங்கிருந்து பார்த்தபோது, மலையடிவார மரங்கள் மட்டுமே அஜய்க்கு தெரிந்தன. முன்னர் பிரமிப்புடன் பார்த்த மலை அதுதானே என்று நம்பமுடியவில்லை. சூரியச் சந்திரரும் இப்படித்தானே என்று எண்ணி அஜய் வியந்துக் கொண்டிருந்தான். தான் வாழும் பூமியே அப்படிதான் என்பது அவனுக்கு தெரியாதே !

பயணம் தொடர,இதோ அஜய்யின் ஃபேவரைட் இடம் வந்துவிட்டது. இங்கேதான் சாலையோரம் ஒரு பெரிய ஆலமரமும் எதிர்புறம் தாமரை மலர்கள் நிறைந்த ஒரு குளமும் இருக்கின்றன. தான் புத்தகங்களில் பார்த்த தாமரைப்பூ உண்மையில் சிறிதாக இருந்தது அஜய்க்கு ஏமாற்றம் அளித்தது.

ஆலமரத்தின் விழுதுகள் சாலையின் வாகன போக்குவரத்தால் சின்னதாகிவிட்டன. வாகனத்தில் செல்லும் ஒவ்வொரு முறையும் அஜய் தன் கைகளை நீட்டி அவற்றை தொட முயல்வது வழக்கம். என்றாவது ஒருநாள் உயரமாக வளர்ந்து அவற்றை தொட்டுவிட வேண்டும் என்று எண்ணிக்கொள்வான். என்ன செய்வது? அவற்றைத் தொட அவன் பேருந்தைவிட உயரமாக வளர வேண்டுமே !

அச்சச்சோ! மரங்களை யெல்லாம் யார் சாய்த்தது? இல்லையில்லை,இது வாழைமரம். இது ய்க்கு தெரிந்த மரமாயிற்றே. இவற்றின் பழங்கள் மிகவும் சுவையாக இருக்கும். ஆனால் பழங்களை பறித்தப்பின் மரங்களை வெட்டிவிடுவர் என மாமா சொன்னார். அஜய்க்கு மரங்களை வெட்டுவது பிடிக்காது. வெட்டப்பட்ட மரங்களை பார்த்தால் அவனுக்கு அழகை வந்துவிடும். “மாமா ,இந்த மரங்கள் பாவமில்லையா ?” என்றான் .

சடக்கென்று பேருந்து வேகத்தடையின் மேல் ஏறி இறங்க பழைய நினைவுகளிலிருந்து மீண்டு வந்தான் அஜய். முன்பு மாமாவுடன் கோடை விடுமுறையில் கண்டு ரசித்ததெல்லாம் கனவுபோல் இருக்கிறது. நீண்ட வருடங்களுக்குப் வின்னர் பாட்டி ஊருக்கு வந்தவனுக்கு ஒக்கி புயலின் பாதிப்புகள் தூக்கி வாரி போட்டது. இலைகள் சோர்ந்து சோகமாய் நிற்கும் மரங்களும், தண்ணீர் தேங்கியதால் வாடிய பயிர்களும் காணுக்கையில் நெஞ்சு பொறுக்கவில்லை அஜய்க்கு.

“ஏற்கனவே கான்கிரீட் காடுகளை மாறிவரும் வயல்களும், கிராணைட் கற்களுக்காக மொட்டை அடிக்கப்படும் மலைகளும், இவற்றுக்கு மதியிலிருந்த கொஞ்சநஞ்ச இயற்கையையும்ம இயற்கையே சூறையாடி விட்டதே! இனி இவற்றையெல்லாம் மீட்டெடுக்க எத்தனை வருடங்கள் ஆகுமோ?” என்று பின்னல் ஒருவர் புலம்பிக் கொண்டிருந்தார்.

“பெற்றபிள்ளைகள்நம் கடைசிகாலத்தில் உதவாவிடினும்,நட்ட தென்னம்பிள்ளைகள் காக்கும் என்றல்லவா சொல்வார்கள்? ஏழாயிரம் மரங்களைய்யா .பேணி பேணி காத்தேனைய்யா. ஒக்கி என்னும் பேய் வந்து சூறையாடி சென்றுவிட்டதைய்யா”, என்று கதறிக்கொண்டிருந்தார் ஒரு வயதான பெரியவர் .

ஊரே மயான அமைதி கொண்டிருந்தது. புயலுக்குப்பின் அமைதி என்பது இதுதானோ? பேருந்துக்கு வெளியே புயலால் பாதிக்கப்பட்ட மரங்கள். உள்ளே, ஒருவருக்கொருவர் ஆறுதல் சொல்லக்கூட சக்தியின்றி சோகமாய் இருக்கும் மனிதர்கள். காணப் பொறுக்காதவனாய், கண்ணில் வடியும் கண்ணீரைக் கூடத் துடைக்க மனமின்றி அமர்ந்திருந்தான் அஜய்.” கவலைப்படாதே அஜய். விவசாயி மனதில் தன்னம்பிக்கையும் உறுதியும் இருக்கும் வரை இவையெல்லாம் மீண்டு வரக்கூடிய துன்பங்களே. அனால், ஒக்கி ஒரு சில மணிநேரத்தில் மிக அதிகம். அதிலிருந்து மீள்வதுதான் மிக கடினமாக இறுக்கப் போகிறது “ என்றார்.

ஏற்படுத்திய சேதத்தைவிட மக்கள் பல வருடங்களாய் இயற்கைக்கு ஏற்படுத்திய சேதங்கள் மரங்களின் முக்கியத்துவம் அறிந்திருந்த அஜய், இயற்கை வழங்களைக் காக்கத் தன்னால் இயன்ற செயல்களைச் செய்ய முடிவெடுத்தான்.

அப்போது முன்பக்கம் அமர்ந்திருந்த பள்ளிச் சிறுவன் ஒருவன், முகநூலிலிருந்து ஜினோ என்னும் கவிஞர் எழுதிய கவிதை ஒன்றை வாசித்தான்.

“ஒக்கி என்னும் அழகி ...  
கடலோடு பயணித்த அவளுக்கு  
திடீரென குமரிமீது காதல்

எட்டி நின்று கொஞ்சம் பார்த்து ரசித்தாள்;  
கைத்தட்டி ஒருமுறை அழைத்துப் பார்த்தல்;  
பார்த்தவளுக்கோ அத்தனைஆச்சரியம் !  
இயற்கையின் மொத்த சொந்தங்களையும் கண்டு  
குதூகலத்தால் ! ஓடினாள் !! ஆடினால் !!!

கண்ட மரங்களையெல்லாம் கட்டியணைத்தாள் !  
கையதில் தூக்கி கன்னம் முத்தமிட்டாள் !!

ஆனந்தக் காற்றை வேகமாய் வீசச்செய்தாள்...  
வீதிகளில் இலைகளை வாரித்த தூவினால் ...

இன்னும் கொஞ்சம் பெய்துவிட்டு போ  
என மழையிடம் முறையிட்டாள் !  
மாலைவரை ஆடிவிட்டு, மயங்கி சரிந்தவள் ;  
மேற்குநோக்கி மெல்ல நகரத் தொடங்கினாள் ;  
நிச்சயம், நாளை இந்நேரம் கதகளி கற்று இருப்பாள் !”

சுனாமியும், ஒக்கியும் இன்னும் எத்தனையோ இயற்கைச்சீற்றங்களும் கண்டும் நெஞ்சில் துணிவோடு “வீழ்வேன் என நினைத்தாயோ?” என முக்கடல் கூடும் இடத்தில மீண்டு நிற்கும் குமரி பெண்ணை காணுகையில் நெஞ்சில் தோன்றும் எண்ணங்கள் இரண்டு. ஒன்று, துன்பங்கள் கண்டு துவண்டு விடாமல், முன்னேற்றத்தை நோக்கி நடைபோடும் அவளின் துணிச்சலைப் பாராட்டத் தோன்றும். இரண்டாவதாக மனதினையொரு பேரச்சம் பற்றிக் கொள்ளும் .இதனை இயற்கை வளங்களையும் காப்பாற்றும் கடமை நமக்கும் உண்டு என்பதும், அவற்றை உணராமல் சுயநலவாதிகளாய்

நடக்கும் தருணங்களைத் தவிர்க்கவேண்டுமே என்றும் மனதில் ஒரு குரல் ஒலித்துக்கொண்டே இருக்கும்.

# HOSTEL IN MY LIFE

Oh we yearn for good food,  
But, we are filled with freedom to the brim.  
Watching movies till midnight  
And waking up as late as we can,  
Late-night raids to get some food,  
Biscuits, noodles,  
It doesn't matter what we found.  
Skipping mess food as much as we can,  
A futile attempt to stay alive.  
Getting sick is the worst to undergo  
In case you don't speak their tongue,  
It's not that we need care,  
We care for one other.  
And exam nights are unlike others,  
Cause we are perplexed deep and cower in fear.  
But all other nights are fine,  
Because we are too lazy to move around.

—Akshay Dhan

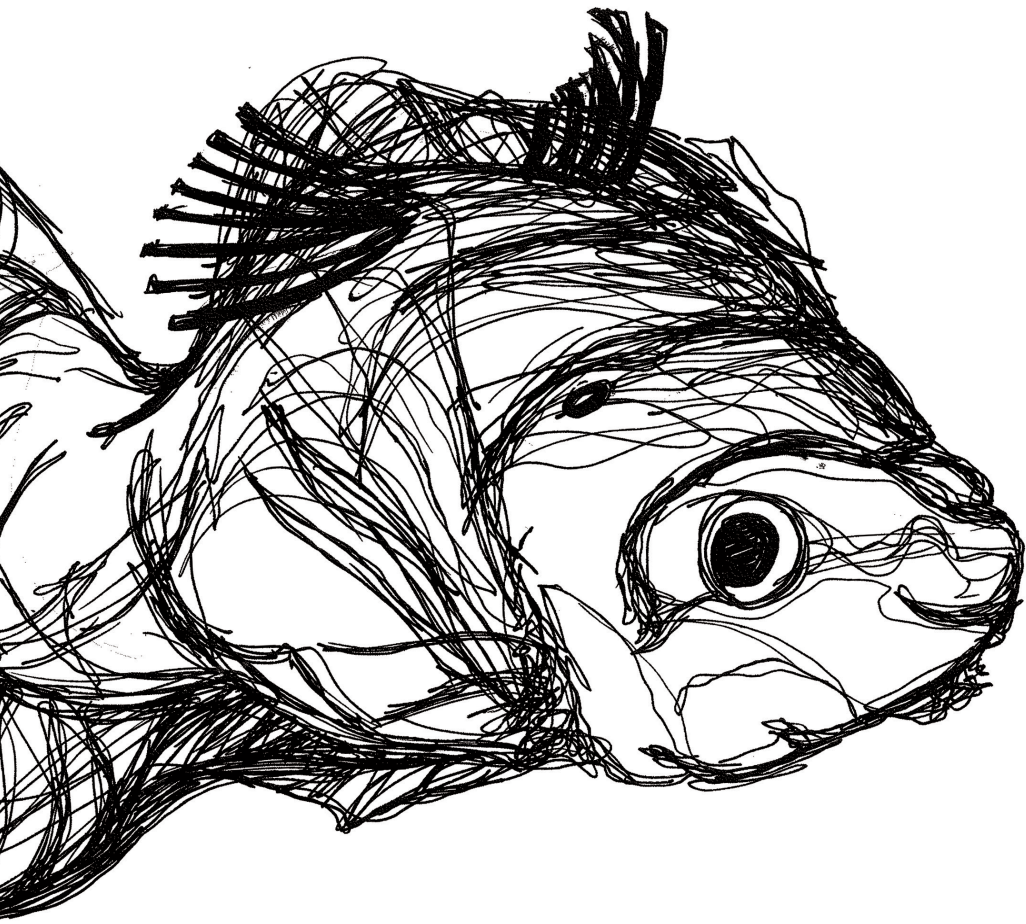
# ARDHA NARI

“Every child born in this world has the right to live and to be who he/she wants to be.” This is a standard line seen and heard all throughout these years of our life, but is every human born in this world allowed to be who they want to be? I doubt it. The things that are very different from what we have seen and heard, and the things that we could not explain are always seen with fear and disgust. The inner fear of something dangerous can be understood, but how can humans hate another human just because they are different? As a child (below 10) when I went to know about such people I thought that they were just a mix of men and women and I just felt normal about them although I have never seen such people in my life. It was one of the many childhood stories that I blindly believed. As years went by and when I knew more of human biology it became confusing as to what they are. Through the years, the question changed from who they are to what their problem is, or to say it more affirmatively, the world made it so. There was never a mention of them in any of the textbooks or in any of the storybooks I read, which made it spookier. Vague knowledge of evolution made me think that maybe they are recent creations of god still unknown to the “old” Homo sapiens. Within a few years, connecting bits and pieces of information from news, films, and editorials it was clear that the world tries to forget that such people exist, not that they do not exist.

It is not a disease but a mental condition when one feels that the person is trapped in the body of wrong gender, the condition which is medically termed Gender dysphoria or Gender Identity Disorder. As an outsider I know the conventional definition as the world tries to talk of them, nothing more, but if we connect the facts and the feeling that they too are humans, we have a heart-wrenching reality in front of us. It is not OKAY to be different. The stories of contempt were brought out while the Rights of Transgender Persons bill was proposed and passed in the Rajya Sabha. ‘If you are born a transgender it is better to hide else you should have the courage to fight the evils that await’, is the social law unwritten. The experience is unimaginable to a normal human (Male/Female), one cannot study- if luckily one studies, they will not be able to get a job. It is traumatizing to be disowned by one’s own. Even when it exists as a reality, there is never a shower of sympathy or offer of help for them. The hindrance we have is unexplained. Even after writing this I am not 100% sure of how I will behave when I see such a person. It is a long battle for such people to live a respectable life in this world, particularly in India, as all the proposed bills have not yet been passed into law. Such stories of atrocities may open our eyes for some time, but the fear of being criticized and the urge to lead a normal life never allow us to express ourselves much. But there have been commendable contributions from people who wanted to lead extraordinary lives. People are trying to open their eyes towards the problems slowly now, as more and more films, stories and documentaries about such people are released. The reality is that no one knows who they are and how they are different, there is a need to make people understand that it is OKAY to be different from their early ages and it is OKAY to be who we are. It is strange that we all hail from a country where the religion of 80% civilians worship a God who is essentially the kind of ‘different’ person they all try to forget exists, the Ardhanareeshwara (a form of Shiva-Parvathy where one half of human is Shiva and the other half is Parvathy).

-Akhila Ajith

# ART GALLERY



Amongst all the things that we feel, the greatest and most profound, by far, is our need to belong. We cling desperately- to our religion, to our history, to our caste or to our culture to remind ourselves that we have roots, and that no matter how far we wander, there will always be places we can call home. While most of us find solace in whatever form of God we find, a few of us find a home in expression. We find a home in art.

Art and love essentially are the same thing- it is the process of seeing yourself in things you are not. Both feel like going home after a long day, both feel like places where you could, safely, come undone and fall apart- only to find beauty in the pieces. Van Gogh didn't plan on becoming an artist, but one day, while writing a letter to his brother, he looked at the night sky and said, "it is so beautiful I must show you how it looks." He then made a tiny little drawing of it and fell in love with the night sky.

The deepest desire in each one of us is to somehow break free from our routines, from all the ways our minds and our fears control us, from everything that we're supposed to, or not supposed to do. While the world keeps on shouting solutions, keeps on placing deadlines and schedules on how and when we're supposed to heal, blaring them into our ears until we're numb, it's in the moments when one finds courage to step away from all the noise, into the quietness of the sound of our heartbeat, that art whispers- "hey, I feel it too"; and these whispers hold more comfort than anything ever could. From Van Gogh's yellow paint to Sylvia Plath's brutally honest writings, art touches more lives than anything solely by making us realise that what we feel is normal, and has been felt before – and that we're not alone in all the ways we suffer, and in all the ways we choose to heal.

-Ishita Amar.



IshitaAmar

Harish



Karthika

# Revathy Menon

DibinBaby

SubhasreeMal



SpoorthyGowda

JenoChristina

# Vande Mataram

It is not the whole song  
The cedar is the syllable Vande mataram  
It is the origin fire to the fire for the freedom struggle  
It lured the lusty hearts towards unity  
unity against the British  
It is, Vande Mataram! Vande Mataram! Vande Mataram!

It is the spirit of those crores of hearts  
It is the spirit of those virgin thoughts  
It is the spirit of those starving stomachs  
Who raised their clenched fists against the British  
It is, Vande Mataram! Vande Mataram! Vande Mataram!

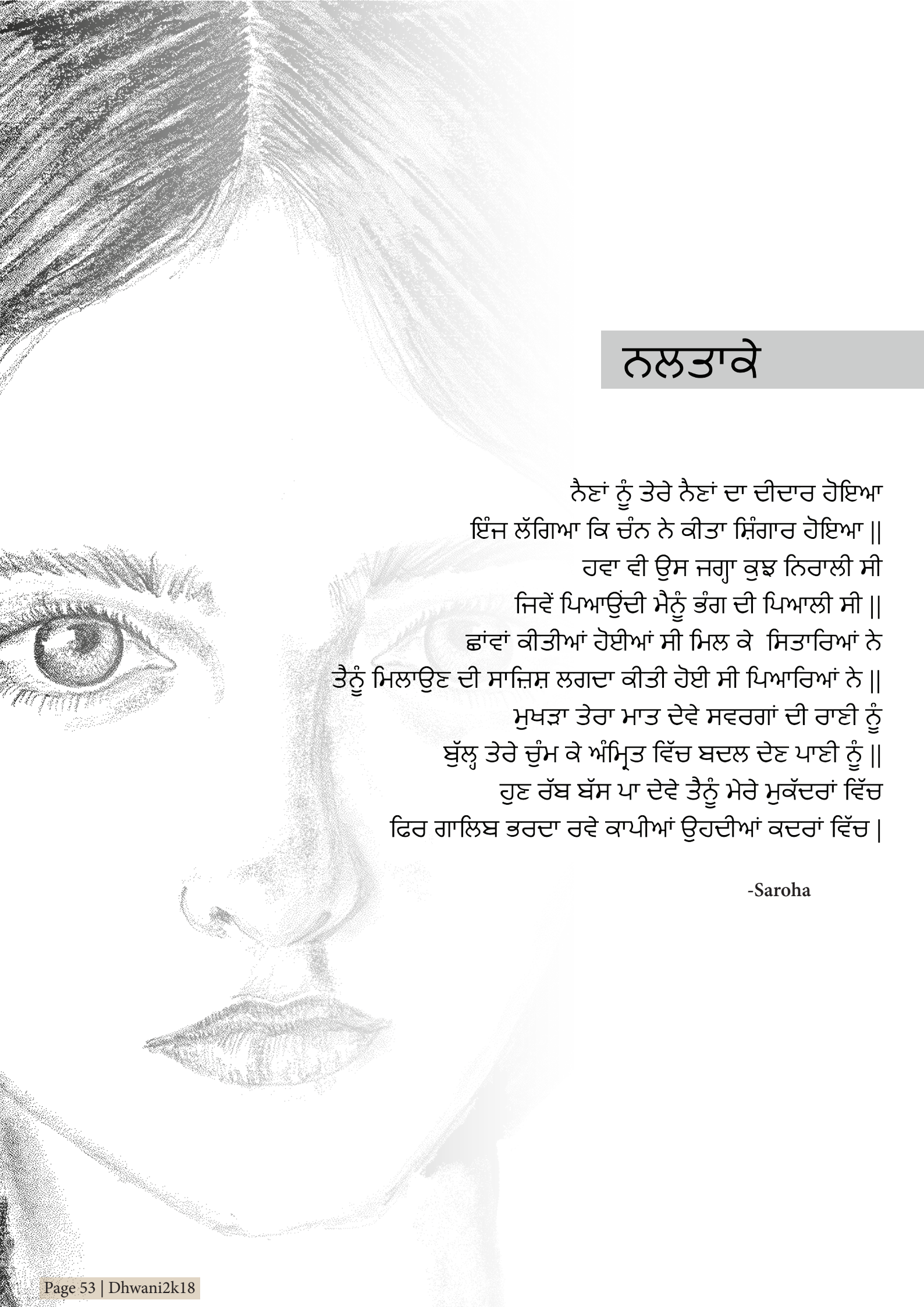
It is the sound of shirk from the conch  
It is the ethnic sound stood as the Mighty Himalayas  
It is the shield to the Indian souls who stood against British cannons  
It is, Vande Mataram! Vande Mataram! Vande Mataram!

It is the threshold to the knife called 'Ahimsa'  
It is, Vande Mataram! Vande Mataram! Vande Mataram!

-R Yashwanth



“ Drunken memories  
- Dibya Saha | Mi A1



## ਨਲਤਾਕੇ

ਨੈਣਾਂ ਨੂੰ ਤੇਰੇ ਨੈਣਾਂ ਦਾ ਦੀਦਾਰ ਹੋਇਆ  
ਇੰਜ ਲੱਗਿਆ ਕਿ ਚੰਨ ਨੇ ਕੀਤਾ ਸ਼ਿੰਗਾਰ ਹੋਇਆ ॥  
ਹਵਾ ਵੀ ਉਸ ਜਗ੍ਹਾ ਕੁਝ ਨਿਰਾਲੀ ਸੀ  
ਜਿਵੇਂ ਪਿਆਉਂਦੀ ਮੈਨੂੰ ਭੰਗ ਦੀ ਪਿਆਲੀ ਸੀ ॥  
ਛਾਂਵਾਂ ਕੀਤੀਆਂ ਹੋਈਆਂ ਸੀ ਮਿਲ ਕੇ ਸਿਤਾਰਿਆਂ ਨੇ  
ਤੈਨੂੰ ਮਿਲਾਉਣ ਦੀ ਸਾਜ਼ਿਸ਼ ਲਗਦਾ ਕੀਤੀ ਹੋਈ ਸੀ ਪਿਆਰਿਆਂ ਨੇ ॥  
ਮੁਖੜਾ ਤੇਰਾ ਮਾਤ ਦੇਵੇ ਸਵਰਗਾਂ ਦੀ ਰਾਣੀ ਨੂੰ  
ਬੁੱਲ੍ਹ ਤੇਰੇ ਚੁੰਮ ਕੇ ਅੰਮ੍ਰਿਤ ਵਿੱਚ ਬਦਲ ਦੇਣ ਪਾਣੀ ਨੂੰ ॥  
ਹੁਣ ਰੱਬ ਬੱਸ ਪਾ ਦੇਵੇ ਤੈਨੂੰ ਮੇਰੇ ਮੁਕੱਦਰਾਂ ਵਿੱਚ  
ਫਿਰ ਗਾਲਿਬ ਭਰਦਾ ਰਵੇ ਕਾਪੀਆਂ ਉਹਦੀਆਂ ਕਦਰਾਂ ਵਿੱਚ ।

-Saroha

*Like every night that has passed for the past one year today too, I end up staring at her lifeless eyes, hoping it would open to see me waiting...I know you are used to hearing this every day and I know it bores you a lot but whom do I tell these when the only person in my life lie in this bed paralyzed for life, not even being able to feel the sense of touch? Tell me...? All I could do is this, the most dreadful process of 'waiting'.*

*I never knew that would be the last day I could see her on her feet... Even if I knew there was nothing I could do...owe it to Almighty they said. Yes, I do owe Him, for being the only person to give me the strength to fight. To fight against all those sympathetic gestures and commiserate thoughts that I never wanted to hear from anyone. Now I know that I am not that old bashful me. It is true that God gives you reasons to change, but I never wanted this to happen to our life...I wish I could have been a bit more responsible, a bit more careful so that she had time to rest. My 'Big sister,' I used to call that to tease her...but she never minded, she was always busy with my stuff and her office work. Now when I see her in this bed, my conscience strikes more than it had ever. All I wanted earlier was to see her the way she had always been, but now as the day's flow and hope ooze out, I know all I want is to see her open her eyes again. To show her that her 'little sister' is no more little... but responsible and bold as she wants her to be...that the world had been that cruel to her ,and she fought like a warrior to protect herself from all those demons in the society. I know she would be proud...but all I am left with is that four letter word 'HOPE'...yes, I hope she would return.*

*-Anonymous*

# Tongue Twisters

They are phrases or sentences which are hard to speak fast, usually because of nearly similar sounds. They help develop speech skills and help in speech therapy.

Here is a compilation - Try some of these (not the usual ones!), I hope you will definitely enjoy and have fun!

Repeat them a few times!

- I saw a saw that could out saw any other saw that I ever saw.

- I thought a thought.

But the thought I thought wasn't the thought I thought I thought.

If the thought I thought I thought had been the thought I thought, I wouldn't have thought so much.

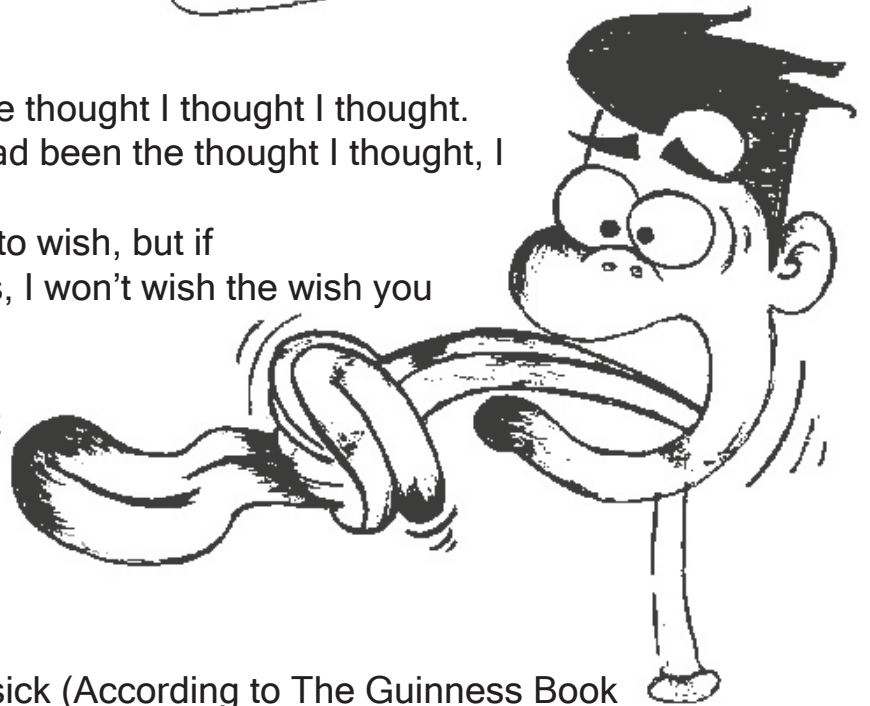
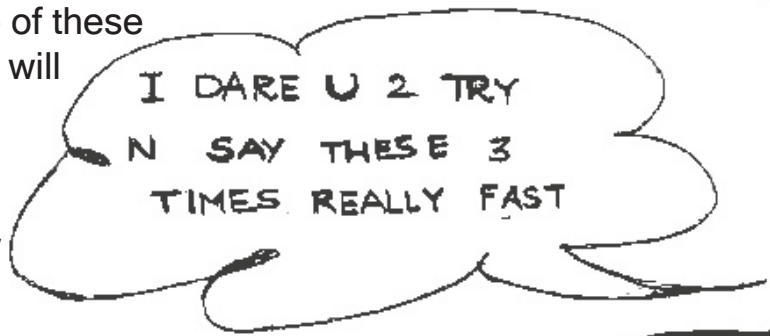
- I wish to wish the wish you wish to wish, but if you wish the wish the witch wishes, I won't wish the wish you wish to wish.

- Of all the felt I ever felt, I never felt a piece of felt which felt as fine as that felt felt, When first I felt that felt hat's felt.

- Imagine an imaginary menagerie manager managing an imaginary menagerie.

- Sixth sick Sheik's sixth sheep's sick (According to The Guinness Book of World Records this is the toughest tongue twister so far!!)

- Pad kid poured curd pulled cod (MIT researchers claimed to have made the toughest tongue twister ever with this one. They had given an open challenge of saying this 10 times quickly and winning a prize!!!)



- Veena Shankar Avadhani

Picture Courtesy-[http://bryten.net/tongue\\_twisters/](http://bryten.net/tongue_twisters/)

Some more interesting ones are available here: <http://pun.me/pages/tongue-twisters.php>



Walking out of the doorsteps,  
Glimpsing at the rays of the evening sun,  
At the edge of the grassy ground,  
People playing at the court,  
Some busy at the building,  
Everything seems to be the same, nothing pristine...  
Busy with strenuous class hours, sometimes...  
Commenting on hostel food...  
Waiting for birthday parties...  
Dancing on occasional celebrations...  
Having sleepless nights due to "night riders" as friends...  
The days go on...  
But now,  
Once again, standing at the doorsteps,  
Letting myself calm down,  
I listen to the voice of my heart,  
And that has made all the difference...

—Akshara Vincent

# Silent Rhythms

# Collovent BOND

*An electron while travelling in space  
Met a proton face to face.  
The electron smiled at the sight  
Of his girl  
And they embraced each other  
With an electric force  $kq^2/r^2$ .  
It took for them a long time  
To travel around their atomic park.  
And suddenly the electron sighed,  
“Oh my dear! Your smile in the morning  
Gives me energy to get excited and excited  
Over my orbital shells.  
I always dream that you are my reflection.  
Every time I see you, my heart beat gets accelerated  
At the rate of 9.8 beats per second.”  
The time sped and years rolled by  
“It’s time for you to change your direction  
From me.”  
Now the electron is left alone with the blue fluid  
Rolling down his eyes with a viscous force  $6\pi\eta v$ .*

**- K SWETHA**





“To infinity & beyond  
- Mrigaraj Goswami | Lenovo Z2 Plus